Mr. HOBBS's State of Nature considered;

IN A

Dialogue

BETWEEN

Philautus and *Timothy*.

To which are Added

FIVE LETTERS From the AUTHOR of the GROUNDS, and OCCASIONS of the CONTEMPT OF THE CLERGY.

The Third Edition.

London, Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

To the most Reverend Father in God GILBERT *by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of* CANTERBURY, PRIMATE *of all England and* METROPOLITAN: *and one of His* MAJESTIES *most Honourable Privy Council, &c.*

May it please your *Grace*,

ALthough for several reasons I ought in duty to lay all my endeavours at your *Graces*

feet, and beg your acceptance of them; yet I was the more encourag'd to make this addreſs, becauſe the ſubject ſeems naturally to have recourſe to your *Graces* Protection. For the ſame *Divine Providence* that has made your *Grace Father* of the *Church*, has made you alſo *Guardian* of *Humane Nature*. Which (as your *Grace* well knows) has been ſo vilely aſperſed and perſecuted by our *Adverſarie's* malicious ſuggeſtions, that he

he is willing indeed to ſuffer ſuch a word as *man* ſtill to remain amongſt us, but what was always meant, and deſign'd thereby, he has endeavoured to chaſe quite out of the world. The vindication therefore of *Humane Nature* could not but ſeek for protection from that *great example* of *humanity*; whoſe conſtant practice doth alone abundantly confute all the *ſlanderers* of *mankind*.

If Mr. *Hobbs* had been pleaſed to have given or-

ly a hiſtory or Roll of the unjuſt or unfaithful; there would not then have been ſuch occaſion to importune your *Graces* favouring ſuch attempts as this. But when he teaches that cheating is not only according to *reaſon*, but that it is the firſt principle and dictate thereof; for the very credit of being on *reaſon's* ſide, people ſhall count themſelves engaged to be *Knaves*. And therefore I have preſumed to offer to your *Graces* Patronage this

ſmall

ſmall diſcourſe: wherein I have endeavoured to ſhew that thoſe that are wicked and unrighteous are not ſuch by *Reaſon*, or any advice of *Humane Nature*, but onely becauſe they have a mind to be ſo. And I am not altogether diſcourag'd from thinking, that by this conſideration of *Mr. Hobbs's State of Nature*, and my *Introduction* thereunto, it may appear to your *Grace*, that it would not have been an impoſſible thing to have

ſaid ſomewhat to the reſt of his *writings*, wherein he differs from what is generally believed. But for me to go about to inform your *Grace* of the folly or inconveniency of Mr. *Hobb's* Principles, would be next unto his undertaking to *read lectures* to all *mankind*.

Your *Grace* cannot but underſtand, that the matters inſiſted on in this *Dialogue*, have been often recommended to the protection of great *Perſons*, and by

by thoſe of *eminent worth* and *Learning*: and if there be any reaſon demanded why this comes ſo late from me; I have nothing to offer in excuſe, either to your *Grace*, or thoſe that writ before me. But yet however from ſome experience of your *Graces* favours towards me, what I have perform'd, I hope may not be altogether rejected: notwithſtanding the manner of it, being to appearance not ſo grave and ſolid, does a little diſ-

hearten

hearten me. But, ſince Mr. *Hobs* by affected garbs of ſpeech, by a ſtarch'd Mathematical method, by counterfeit appearances of novelty and ſingularity, by magiſterial haughtineſs, confidence and the like, had cheated ſome people into a vaſt opinion of himſelf, and into a belief of things very dangerous and falſe; I did preſume, with your *Graces* pardon, to think his *writings* ſo fond and extravagant, as not to merit

rit being oppoſed in good earneſt: and thereupon I was very loth to give them too much reſpect, and add undue weight to them by a ſolemn and ſerious confutation. And I hope my *Dialogue* will not find the leſs acceptance with you *Grace* for thoſe *Letters* which follow after: for although ſome are loth to believe the firſt *Letters* to be innocent and uſeful (being a little troubleſome and uneaſie to their own humour) yet your *Grace*

I hope, is ſatisfied that the *Author* of them, did heartily therein ſtudy the credit and advantage of the *Church*, and that our *Clergy* would certainly be better reputed and more ſerviceable, were it poſſible they all could be, as learned and as bountiful as your *Grace*. What I have now perform'd, I humbly ſubmit to your *Graces* favourable judgement; deſiring that it may be accepted of, as an expreſſion of moſt dutiful

and

Dedicatory.

and grateful obſervance from

Your *Graces*

in all Duty

and Service

moſt devoted.

Decemb. 10.
1671.

J. E.

THE PREFACE To THE READER.

Reader,

THe *design of this* Preface is not *to advise, or encourage thee to read what follows; for I should not take it well my self*

ſelf to be ſo drawn in: but if thou chanceſt to look into it, and be not already acquainted with Mr. Hobbs's ſtate *of* nature, *this is to let thee know, that thereby is to be underſtood a certain ſuppoſed time, in which it was* juſt *and* Lawful *for every man to* hang, draw *and* quarter, *whom he pleaſed, when he pleaſed, and after what manner he pleaſed; and* to get, poſſeſs, uſe *and* enjoy *whatever he had a mind to: and the reaſon of this ſo large a charter, was becauſe it was*

ſuppo-

ſuppoſed that theſe people had not as yet any ways abridged themſelves of their utmoſt liberty, by any voluntary bargains, or agreements amongſt themſelves; neither could they be reſtrained by any Humane Laws, becauſe the Magiſtrate *was not as yet choſen.*

In this Dialogue *therefore (becauſe* Mr. Hobbs *ſhall not ſay that I am ſtingy) thou wilt find,* Reader, *that with him I have allowed (though there's very ſmall reaſon for't) ſuch*

a time or ſtate, *wherein people came into the* World (*after his own humour*) *without being obliged either to* God, Parents, Friends, Midwifes, *or* Publick Magiſtrate, *and yet notwithſtanding I have endeavoured to make out* (*how far or how well that's no matter*) *that thoſe that are feigned to be in this condition, have all ſuch a natural right to their own* lives, *and what is thereunto* convenient, *that it is perfectly* unjuſt *and* unreaſonable *for any one of them*

to

to take his utmoſt advantage, and to do whatever he thinks he is able, *or* pleaſes *him beſt.*

Thou mighteſt poſſibly expect, after I had given each of the four Inhabitants of *the* Iſle *of* Pines *a right to the* fourth part *(which thou doſt not deſerve to underſtand unleſs thou readeſt the* Book *) that* I *ſhould have proceeded and ſet out every man's ſhare: and ſo have anſwered to Mr.* Hobb's *ſixth Article,* Cap. 1. de Cive. *Wherein he ſaies*

that a great and neceſſary occaſion of quarrelling and war is, that ſeveral men oft-times have a deſire to the ſame thing; which thing if it happens not to be capable of being divided, or enjoyed in Common, they muſt needs draw and fight for't: Inſtead of which, he ſhould have ſaid; if theſe men chance to be mad, or void of reaſon, it is poſſible they may fight for't: For being that every one of them have an equal right to this ſame, that is in controverſie, they may

may either compound *for it as to its value, or decide it by* Lot, *or ſome* other way *that reaſon may direct (which is a Law of* reaſon *and* humane Nature, *and not merely poſitive, becauſe it is in* Law Books. *)*

Neither did I proceed to ſhew what kind of Govern-ment *they fix'd upon; or how long they continued in that* even condition; *or how every one of them* thrived. *For perhaps before the year ran round,* Roger *might fuddle, or game away all his* Eſtate;

Eſtate; *or his* Cattle *might all dye, and he forced to ſell* Land *to get more* Stock. *Neither have I told you what was* Tumbler's *firſt* Complement *to* Towſer, *nor what was* Towſer's reparty; *nor whether they bow'd only half way, or down to the ground; nor which leg the one and t'other drew back. Which, had I intended an abſolute diſcourſe, ſhould not have been omitted. All that I ſhall venture to ſay is this, That I hope it may appear to three or four,*

(*for*

(*for I durſt not preſume to convert many*) *that Mr.* Hobbs *is not ſuch a great* diſcoverer *and* afforder *of* new things *as his own* Prefaces *and his* Titles *to* Books *would make thee believe: Neither is he ſo great a* diſpeller *of* clouds, *but that thou mayſt buy an ell of them under a Mark. Neither is* Humane Nature *(or reaſon) ſo very vile and raskally, as he writes* his own *to be, nor his account of it altogether ſo* demonſtrative, *as* Euclid.

Here's

There's nothing now wanting, Reader, *but only to give thee a hundred and ſifty reaſons why I writ this; and tell thee of moſt wonderful things that happen'd, or elſe it had been much better. Thou mayſt read on, if thou pleaſeſt: if thou wilt not, thou mayſt let it alone; however thou art heartily welcome thus far.*

A Dialogue

BETWEEN

TIMOTHY *and* PHILAUTUS.

Tim. WEll met *Philautus*, how does your beſt ſelf this morning: What, ſtout and hearty?

Phi. I take care of my ſelf, *Sir*, my *body* is pretty well, I thank you.

Tim. Then all is well, I ſuppoſe.

Phi. Yes truly in my opinion, all is well, when that is ſo.

Tim. In your opinion? Why: do not all count that well which you count well: or are you a man by your ſelf?

Phi. I am juſt what you ſee me to be. But ſome people I find, have two *men* to take care of; an *outward man*, and an *inward man*: for my part, I am able to maintain but one; and if I can ſhift it, that ſhall take no hurt, for want of looking after. But I beg your pardon, *Sir*, for I know you not.

Tim. No matter for that: come, ſhall we take a turn or two in the *Walks*?

Phi. No, I thank you, unleſs I knew your tricks better: you may chance to get behind me, and bite me by the Legs. Let them take a turn with you that have not ſearched into the *fundamental Laws* of *humane nature*, and the *firſt riſe* of *Cities* and *Societies*. I know better things than to truſt my ſelf with one that I never ſaw before. I have but one *body*, and I de-

ſire

ſire to carry it home all to my chamber.

Tim. You had better I profeſs, have no body at all; or compound to be kick'd and beaten twice a day; than to be thus diſmally tortur'd; and ſolicitous about an *old rotten carcaſe.*

Phi. Come, come, *you talk like a young man.* Let me tell you the *body* is a very precious thing: and when you can make me believe otherwiſe, who have *poiſed Kingdoms*, counted up all the *advantages of bodily ſtrength*, and am throughly acquainted with all the *humours* and *paſſions* of *mankind*, then will I ſtay with you, and venture a kicking. And ſo farewell.

Tim. I beſeech you, *Sir*, ſtay a little: upon my *honour* I intend nothing but a walk, and civil diſcourſe.

Phi. I know no *honour* any man has but an *acknowledgement of his power and greatneſs:* So that all the ſecurity that I have that you will

not injure me is, that you can certainly do it, if you have a mind to't. And therefore, I pray, do ſo much as take your *honour* along with you into that other walk, or elſe I ſhall crie out *murder*. I don't care for truſting my ſelf with *unknown honour*.

Tim. Then as I am a *Gentleman*, and my name is *Timothy*, I do not intend you the leaſt miſchief.

Phi. What, *Sir*, do you take me for a fool? Do not I know that a *Gentleman* is one that keeps a man to quarrel, fight, beat and abuſe? you muſt not think to catch old Birds with Chaff. And therefore once more farewell Mr. *Timothy*, if your name be ſo.

Tim. I pray, *Sir*, be not gone yet; upon my *honeſty*, and as I am a *Chriſtian*, you ſhall ſuffer no hurt.

Phi. Now indeed you have mended the buſineſs much: what, is there ever an *Act* of *Parliament* againſt your beating me particularly?

ly? And if there be, where's the *Conſtable*, to put it in execution?

Tim. Well: I ſee I muſt diſcover my ſelf, or nothing is to be done: I am, *Sir*, to put you out of all doubt then, a relation of a *great Friend* of yours. Do you know this Picture, *Sir*?

Phi. Indeed I think I did once almoſt ſee ſome ſuch thing or ſomething a little like it, in his ſtudy, a great while ago, if my eyes, memory, and the reſt of my faculties do not fail me.

Tim. So then, now I hope you are paſt all *fears*. Therefore if you will, we'l walk towards *Lambs Conduit*: there's better air.

Phi. I profeſs, *Sir*, you make me ſhake moſt horribly. There's a word indeed next one's heart! I much queſtion whether I ſhall eat again theſe two dayes. If you'l forbear of ſuch language, and keep cloſe to your own ſide, and not look behind you, I'le venture to take two

or three turns with you: otherwiſe I ſhall leave your company forthwith.

Tim. moſt certainly, *Philautus*, you are the moſt wary, miſtruſtful and ſuſpicious creature, now living upon the face of the whole earth.

Phi. I thank my Stars, I have had ſome time to look into *Hiſtories*: and I have made ſome *obſervations* of my own: and I find they very much tend to my good and welfare. In ſhort, I think I know as well as another, what *man* can do, and what is his *full value*.

Tim. Surely you are not made of the ordinary *mortal mould*, but of ſome peculiar *thin and brittle ſtuff*; or elſe you would never talk thus.

Phi. Your pleaſure for that. I only ſay what I ſaid before; I think, I know what is that which all wiſe men ought to cheriſh, refreſh, make much of, love and regard.

Tim. Still, *Philautus*, I underſtand you

you not. What, have you been often affronted, abuſed, chouſed, trepann'd, flung down ſtairs, toſſed in a blanket——

Phi. No, I'll aſſure thee, *Tim*, I have always kept (as they ſay) out of *harm's way*, as much as could be: eſpecially ſince I ſtudied *morals*, and underſtood the *true price* of a *whole man*.

Tim. What ſhould be the buſineſs then? Is it that you are deſcended of ſome very *timorous family*; or was your *mother* buried alive, with two *ſucking children*? Come, *Sir*, be free: for I am confident there muſt be ſome occaſion or other of this ſo very great jealouſie, and miſtruſtfulneſs of yours.

Phi. Then as a ſecret, *Tim*, I muſt tell thee, that men naturally are all *ravenous* and *curriſh*, of a very *ſnarling* and *biting nature*; to be ſhort, they are in themſelves meer *Wolves Tygers* and *Centaures*.

Tim. Heavens forbid! What are you and I *Wolves*, *Tigers* and *Centaures*?

Phi. You may ſtart at it for the preſent, but when you have read as much, obſerved as much, and conſidered as much, as I, you'l find it to be as true, as that I have a pair of *boots*.

Tim. Methinks honeſt *Tim* has no mind at all to be a *Centaure*; he had much rather be a *Sheep*, a *Pigeon*, a *Lark* or any ſuch pretty tame thing, if you can afford it. And now in the name of all that's good, I hope you do not miſtake and call that *humane nature* in general, which is only your own; meaſuring all moral actions thereby, and pronouncing that all mens *teeth* are very long and ſharp, becauſe you find your own to be ſo.

Phi. Why ſhould you ſuſpect me to be more peeviſh, ſurly, and worſe natur'd than other men, and ſo recommend or impoſe my own temper and inclinations upon the *World* as a general Standard?

Tim. I am very loth, *Philautus*, to

to accuſe any man of bad *nature*: it being ſuch a great bundle of *miſchief* in it ſelf, and ſo very troubleſome to the *Common-wealth*. But when I find one ſo very tender and ſtudious of his own welfare and pleaſure, ſo little concern'd for any mans good but his own, ſo great an admirer of his own humour and opinions, ſo ready to call things *demonſtrations* that do not at all, or very weakly prove, and ſo apt to vilifie and under-value, to hate and rail at three quarters of the *Creation*, (if they ſtand in his way and give him not due honour and reſpect) I am very much afraid that ſuch an one when he comes to talk of the general diſpoſition of mankind, of the beſt and moſt *fundamental Laws* of *Life*, *Government* and *Religion*, will conſult a little too much his own ſweet *Elephants tooth*, and the wamblings of his own *dear bowels*.

Phi. I ſhall not now ſtand to vindicate, much leſs boaſt of my own temper,

temper. It is well known that I have kept company with *Gentlemen*, and *Perſons* of *Honour*; and they are able to judge what humour and carriage is decent and allowable better than all the *Timothies* in the *Nation*. I prethee, *Tim*, What's the difference between a *Buſtard* and a *Chevin*?

Tim. I love our *Nation*, and all men in it ſo well, that I wiſh they had given you leſs entertainment; it had been more for their *honour* and *credit*; and the good of this *Realm*.

Phi. That is ſomewhat enviouſly ſaid. I hope you'l give people leave to keep the beſt and moſt improving *Company:* Would you have them die in miſtakes, and not liſten to thoſe that lay down the plaineſt Truths, give beſt proof of them, and in the *pureſt Engliſh*.

Tim. Nay, hold you there; be not proud of your *Company*, *Proſelytes* and *diſcoveries*: for I ſcarce know one *perſon* of ſobriety and parts in the whole *Nation*, that is heartily of your opinion, in any thing

thing wherein you differ from what is commonly taught and received: for moſt of thoſe that talk over thoſe places of your *Books*, wherein you are ſingular, do it either out of *humour*, or becauſe they are already *debauch'd*, or intend to be ſo, as ſoon as they can ſhake off all *modeſty* and *good nature*, and can furniſh themſelves with ſome of your little *ſlender Philoſophical pretences* to be *wicked*.

Phi. Then indeed I have ſpent my time finely, and ſtudied to much purpoſe. But methinks, *Tim*, thou art very peremptory for one of thy years. It becomes *gray hairs*, and a *ſtaff* to lean on, to be thus dogmatical.

Tim. I care not for that; for if need be, I can be peremptory and dogmatical without a *ſtaff*; eſpecially when I meet with one that is ſo incurably immodeſt.

Phi. What then, will you maintain that I have diſcovered nothing at all? Is nothing true that I have ſaid

ſaid in my ſeveral *Books*? I am ſure my *Works* have ſold very well, and have been generally read and admired. And I know what *Merſennus* and *Gaſſendus* have ſaid concerning my *Book de Cive*; but I ſhall not ſpeak of that now.

Tim. And, to ſay nothing now of *Merſennus*: I know what people have ſaid of *Gaſſendus*; but I ſhall let that go alſo now.

Phi. But ſurely you cannot deny but there is ſomewhat true and conſiderable in my Writings.

Tam. O doubtleſs a great deal of them is true; but that which is ſo, is none of yours; but *common* acknowledg'd *things new phraſed*, and *trim'd up* with the words *power*, *fear*, *City*, *transferring of right*, and the like; and ſuch is moſt of that part of your *Book*, called *Dominion*; which chiefly conſiſts of ſuch things as have been ſaid theſe thouſand years, and would follow from any other Principles, as well as yours.

Phi. You may talk what you will, and

and if I were ſure you would not *beat* me, I'd tell you right down that you lye.

Tim. Do ſo; that's as good for me as your *humble Servant*: but I go on, and ſay, that *Monarchy is the beſt Government*; that *it is the duty of Princes to reſpect the common benefit of many, not the peculiar intereſt of this or that man*; that *Eloquence without diſcretion is troubleſome in a Common-wealth*; that *he that has power to make Laws, ſhould take care to have them known*; that *to have Souldiers, Arms, Garriſons, and money in readineſs in times of Peace is neceſſary for the peoples defence*, and a thouſand ſuch things I might repeat out of the forementiond place, which were true many *Ages* before *Philautus* was born, and will be, let a man be Σῶον πολιτικὸν or not πολιτικὸν *Mouſe* or *Lion*. But it is an eaſie matter to ſcatter up and down ſome little inſinuations of the *ſtate* of *nature*, *ſelf preſervation*, and ſuch like *fundamental phraſes*, which to thoſe that

that do but litle attend, ſhall ſeem to make all hang cloſe together.

Phi. Why do you only ſay *ſeem*, *&c* ? I perceive now that you are not only very confident, but ſpightful too, and have a mind to leſſen my credit.

Tim. No indeed ; I do not envy you in the leaſt ; but I very much wonder at thoſe that will diſparage themſelves ſo much, as to be led away with any ſuch ſmall and manifeſt cheats, and if you'l promiſe me not to be dejected (which I think I need not much fear ; for I never knew a man ſo much beyond all humiliation in my life ;) I'le briefly ſhew you the chief of thoſe things, by which you became famous. But hold, *Sir*, we forgot to look underneath the *bench* ; there may lie a *Wolf* that may quite ſpoil us.

Phi. Say you ſo ?

Tim. Come, come, *Sir*, no hurt at all: I pray ſit down again: I had only a mind to ſee how nimble you were ; I perceive you jump very

ry well for an *old man*: and therefore I proceed, and ſay in the firſt place, that one way by which you got a kind of a name amongſt ſome eaſie ſort of people, was by crowding into your *Book* all that you could pick out of *Civil Law*, *Politicks* and *Morals*: and then jumbling all together (as was before hinted) with frequent mention of *power*, *fear*, *ſelf defence*, and the like; as if it had been all your own.

Phi. This is very pertly ſaid, if you could make it good.

Tim. 'Tis ſo very plain, as I need not: however if any body doubts of it, let him but read over your eighth and ninth Chapters of *Dominion*, which contain the *Rights* of *Lords* over their *Servants*, and of *Parents* over their *Children*; and if he find any thing conſiderable more than what is commonly delivered in the ordinary *Civil Law-books* upon that occaſion, *viz.* *de poteſtate Parentum & Dominorum* (except it be that *a great Family is a Kingdom, and*

a

a little Kingdom a Family) I'le become an earneſt ſpreader of your fame, and have you recorded for a great *diſcoverer*. And ſo in like manner it might be eaſily ſhewn, how all the reſt (ſo much of it as is true) is the very ſame with the old plain *Dunſtable ſtuff* that commonly occurrs in thoſe that have treated of *Policy* and *Morality*: in ſo much, that I do not queſtion, but that poor deſpicable *Euſtachius* may come in for a good ſhare. Now, *Philautus*, becauſe it has ſo happened that ſome *young Gentlemen* have not been at leiſure to look much into *Machiavel*, *Juſtinian*, and ſuch like *Books*; but yet, for no good reaſons have been tempted to read yours; theſe preſently are ready to pronounce you the *prodigy* of the *Age*: and as very a *deviſer*, as if you had found out *gun-powder*, or *printing*.

Phi. If thou haſt a mind to rail, *Tim*, I adviſe thee to ſtay till thou haſt diſcretion to do it. What wouldeſt thou expect in a diſcourſe of

of *Government*, a trap to catch *Sunbeams*, or a purſe-net for the *Moon*? I grant, that the chief heads I inſiſt on, have been largely treated on by others: but the *method*, *contrivance* and *phraſe* is all my own; do ſo much as conſider of that poor *Tim.*

Tim. I need not conſider of it now, becauſe I have done it oftimes heretofore; and it puts me in mind of *another thing*, by which you have cheated ſome into an opinion of you, *viz.* You take *old common things*, and call them by *new affected names*, and then put them off for *diſcoveries.*

Phi. I profeſs, *Tim*, I expect to ſee thee hang'd ſome time or other for thy croſsneſs: Where is it that I do any ſuch thing?

Tim. If I were at leiſure, I could ſhew you an hundred ſeveral places: What think you, *Philautus*, of the *Scriptures being the word of God?*

Phi. I think, as others do, that they are.

Tim. What need then was there of that, in your Third Chapter *de Cive*; *the Sacred Scripture is the Speech of God commanding over all things by greateſt right?* It ſounds, I muſt confeſs, ſomewhat ſtatelily: So does that in your *Leviathan*, (p. 12.) *the general uſe of Speech is to transfer our mental diſcourſe into verbal; or the train of our thoughts into a train of words*: And alſo that, *Religion conteins the Laws of the Kingdom of God*: It had been nothing to have ſaid that *Religion* teaches how *God* will be ſerv'd but *the Kingdom of God* is a new Notion, if the word *Law* does but lie near at hand: So to have ſaid that *ſomnia ſunt Phantaſmata dormientium*, or that *Tempus* was *Phantaſma corporis*, &c. had been old: But go thus; *Phantaſmata dormientium appello ſomnia*, and *Phantaſma corporis*, &c. *appello tempus*, and then by vertue of the word *appello*, and the ſtately placing of it, it becomes all your own.

Phi. And is not *appello* a good word you *Timothy ſauce-box*? I cannot forbear.

Tim,

Tim. Yes, may it pleaſe your *worſhip*, 'tis almoſt as good as *pronuncio*; but it is never a whit the better for ſtanding at the *latter end* of a *ſentence* (which I find an hundred times over in your *Books*) only to diſguiſe a little what every body has ſaid.

Phi. I do very much wonder, *Tim*, where thou didſt pick up all this impudence, being ſo young.

Tim. My *Grandam*, *Sir*, I thank her, gave me a little, and wiſh'd me to uſe it upon occaſion; but moſt of it I got by keeping company with ſome of *your admirers*.

Phi. Surely thou wilt go to the *Devil, if any ſuch thing there be.*

Tim. But before I go, *Sir*, I muſt deſire thoſe that are not ſatisfied concerning the truth of what I juſt now mentioned, to look a little into your *Logick*; and if they do not there find a whole *Book* full of nothing but *new words*; I'le promiſe you to be very towardly for the future, and as modeſt as the meekeſt of your *diſci-*

ples: and therefore, in the firſt place, *I do,* in your name, *decree, that in all following Ages* Logick *ſhall not be called* Logick, *but* Computation; *becauſe that* ratiocinor *ſignifies not only to* reaſon, *but to* count *or* reckon; *and* rationes *the ſame with* computa: *and therefore let the art of* reaſoning *be called the art of* computation *or* counting: *of which there be two parts;* addition *and* ſubſtraction; *to* add *being all one as to* affirm, *and to* ſubſtract *all one as to* deny: *from whence alſo I do eſtabliſh a* Syllogiſme *to be nothing elſe but the collection of a* Summ, *or* aggregate: *the* major *and* minor Propoſitions *being the* particulars, *and the* Concluſion *the* ſumm *or* aggregate *of thoſe* particulars.

Phi. And what fault can you find with all this? is it not all new? did ever any of the *Philoſophers* ſay ſo before?

Tim. No truly; nor was there ever any need that they ſhould ſay ſo: for let people call the two firſt *Propoſitions* either plainly *Propoſitions,*

ſitions, or *Ingredients*, or *Elements*: or *Premiſes*, or *Principles*, or *Preambles*, or *Plologues*, or *go befores*, or *Particulars*, or any thing elſe, ſo that I do but underſtand their meaning, and *Timothy* is as well contented as any man alive.

Phi. Why then do you ſnear, as if you diſliked my *Logick*?

Tim. 'Tis a moſt excellent *computation* as ever was written: There's a *definition* of *cauſa* (which in the ſecond *Page* we are learnt to call *generation*) that is alone worth a pound at leaſt; *viz. Cauſa eſt ſumma ſive aggregatum accidentium omnium tam in agentibus, quam in patiente, ad propoſitum effectum concurrentium, quibus omnibus exiſtentibus effectum non exiſtere, vel quolibet eorum uno abſente exiſtere, intelligi non poteſt.* A *Cauſe* is a certain pack or aggregate of *trangams*, which being all packed up and chorded cloſe together, they may then truly be ſaid in *Law* to conſtitute a compleat and eſſential pack: but if any one *trangam* be

taken out or miſſing, the pack then preſently loſes its packiſhneſs, and cannot any longer be ſaid to be a pack.

Phi. And now what aile you with this *definition*? Is not the true *notion* and perfect *Idæa* of a *cauſe* very neceſſary? And is not this, that I have laid down, full, exact, and compleat?

Tim. So very full, *Sir*, that if you had gone on but a little further, it would have ſerved for a *Catalogue* of the *Great Turk's Dominions*: but I hope you will not take it ill, if I forget it: becauſe I promiſed my ſelf long ago to that little ſhort Gentleman——*cujus vi res eſt.* You have alſo, *Sir*, another very magnificent one of a *Propoſition*; which I care not much if I beſtow upon the *Emperour*: viz. *Propoſitio eſt oratio conſtans ex duobus nominibus copulatis, quâ ſignificat is qui loquitur, concipere ſe, nomen poſterius ejusdem rei nomen eſſe, cujus eſt nomen prius*; which agrees very well with what

Zacutus

Zacutus ſays in his Treatiſe of a *Spoon*, which he thus defines. *Inſtrumentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo poſito in aliquod, in quo aliud quoddam diverſum à poſito, antè poſitum fuit, & retro poſito in os ponentis, concipitur is, qui poſuit primum poſitum in ſecundum, ex his poſitis aliquid concludere.* Theſe and the like are only for huge *Potentates:* but if any *private Gentleman* has a mind to be informed in the juſt, adæquate and perfect conception of an *interrogation* and a *requeſt*, let him take them thus: *Interrogationes ſunt orationes quæ deſiderium ſignificant cognoſcendi*; as, *what's a clock?* *Precationes ſunt orationes quæ deſiderium ſignificant aliquid habendi*; as, *give me an apple.*

Phi. Surely thou art broken looſe out of *Hell*, to quarrel thus upon no grounds. What is it that thou wouldſt have in a *Logick*?

Tim. Thoſe that have nothing elſe to do but to put in a few *new phraſes* (under pretence of *notions* and *diſcoveries*) and to alter per-

haps the place of two or three *Chapters*, I would not have them trouble the World with *Logick*, or any thing elſe. For as my Lord *Bacon* wiſely obſerves, nothing has more hindred the growth of Learning than peoples ſtudying of *new words*, and ſpending their time in *chaptring*, *modelling*, and *marſhalling* of *Sciences*,

Phi. Then it ſeems I muſt learn of you how to ſpend my time. What, *Tim*, wouldſt thou have me go to *School* again?

Tim. You may do as you will for that; but you know *Doctor Wallis* thought you had ſufficient need f it long ago

Phi. Come, *Tim.* I prethee tell me one thing, and tell me true: haſt not thou been lately amongſt ſome of my *Scholars*, and lamentably baffled and run down by them? And does not this make thee fret and fume, and diſlike all that I have written? I am confident, ſo it is: for otherwiſe thou couldſt not but

be

be of their opinion, who diſcern and declare, that they never perceived ſuch *connexion* of things, and ſuch *cloſe arguing*, as I have in all things given the *world* an inſtance of.

Tim. You have now ſaid that which I wiſh'd and watch'd for: Becauſe it gives me opportunity of mentioning *another device* you make uſe of to deceive people, and get applauſe; *viz.* you get together a company of words, ſuch as *power*, *fear*, and the like (as was ſaid before) and thruſt theſe into every *page* upon one pretence or other; and then you call this *connexion*, and boaſt (as you do in your *Preface de Cive*) that *there is but one thing in all your Book, which you have not demonſtrated.*

Phi. I hope you will not betray your judgement ſo much, as to find fault with my *language*, which all the World admire: Are there any words more truly *Engliſh* and natural than *power*, *fear*, &c?

Tim.

Tim. Queſtionleſs they are very good words, when rightly made uſe of: but to hale them in where there is no need at all, merely to carry on the great work of *power* and *fear*, and by a forced repetition thereof, to make thence a *ſeeming connexion* (with reverence be it ſpoken) is very idle and impertinent. It ſeems to me to favour very much of their humours, who fall wofully in love with ſome certain *Numbers*. One he is ſorely ſmitten with the complexion and features of the *number* four. And ſo he calls preſently for his four *Inns of Courts*, his four *Terms*, his four *ſeaſons of the year*, and abundance of *fours* beſides. Nay, the *ſenſes* are alſo his; for *ſmelling* is only a *gentiler* way of *feeding*. Another tears his hair, and is raving mad for the *number* three: and then the *Inner Temple* and *Middle* are the ſame, for they are both *Temples*; *Eaſter Term* and *Trinity Term* differ but a few days; *Spring* and *Autumn* are all

all one, and rather than he'l acknowledge above three *ſenſes*, he'l ſplit his *mouth* up to his *ears*.

Phi. What doſt think, *Tim*, that I have nothing elſe to do, but to hear thee tattle over a company of foppiſh *Similitudes*? If thou haſt a mind to talk, child, ſpeak ſence, if thou canſt; and learn of me to reaſon cloſely.

Tim. you are a moſt ſpecial pattern for *reaſoning* indeed: one may plainly ſee that, by what you ſay in the tenth Chapter of your *Leviathan*, and in the eighth of your *Humane nature*; where you fall into a great rapture of the excellencies of *power*; making every thing in the whole World that is good, worthy and honourable, to be *power*: and nothing is to be valued or reſpected but upon the accompt of *power*.

Phi. And is not *power* a very good thing?

Tim. A moſt excellent thing! I know nothing like it but the *Philoſophers*

phers ſtone: for it does all things, and is all things, either at preſent, or heretofore, or afterward. Thus *Beauty is honourable*, as a precedent ſign of *power generative*: and actions proceeding from ſtrength are *honourable*, as ſigns conſequent of *power motive*. Now if *faculty* had come in there inſtead of *power*, it would not have done ſo well. Again, *riches* are *honourable* as ſigns of the *power* that acquired them: and gifts, coſt, and magnificence of houſes are *honourable*, &c. as ſigns of *riches*. A *Mathematician* is *honourable*, becauſe if he brings his knowledge into practice, he is able to raiſe *powerful fortifications*, and to make *powerful engines* and inſtruments of war. A prudent man is *honourable*, becauſe he is *powerful* in advice: and a *perſon* of good *natural wit, and judgement* is *honourable*, becauſe it ſignifies *ſtrong parts* and *powers*. In ſhort, *Sir*, I perceive there is nothing either in actions or ſpeeches, in Arts or Sciences, in wit or judgement, in man, woman or child that is good and valuable, but

it

it is all upon the accompt of *power*.

Phi. I defie thee, if thou goeſt about to make any thing that I have ſaid ridiculous.

Tim. No: I need not: becauſe you have already done it to my hand; for with ſuch tricks and devices as theſe, I'le undertake to make a *flageolet* the moſt dreadful and powerful thing upon the face of the whole earth. For it either ſhall be *powerful* in it ſelf, or recommend me to the favour of thoſe that have *power*, or be a defence againſt *power*, or it ſhall hire and purchaſe *power*, or be in the road to *power*, or a ſign of *power*, or a ſign of ſomewhat that is a ſign of *power*. And ſuch things as theſe, *Philautus*, you call *cloſe connexion*, and *demonſtration*, which are nothing elſe but a company of ſmall cheats, and jingling fetches.

Phi. Before I go any further, *Tim*, I do pronounce thee to be the moſt ſaucy of all that belong to the whole race of *mankind*. For thou

thou raileſt at a venture; and doſt only skip up and down my Writings, as if thou didſt intend to pick my pocket. If thou reſolveſt to continue in this Humour, and to think thy ſelf worthy to ſpeak in my *ancient* and *Philoſophical* preſence, let's pitch upon ſome *fundamental point*, ſuch as, *Status naturæ eſt ſtatus belli*; and thou ſhall ſee that thou art ten times more an *Oxle*, than I am a *cheat* and *Fingler*.

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, may I be ſo bold, which ſide do you intend to hold?

Phi. Which ſide? that's a queſtion very fit indeed for a *Timothy* to ask. I hold that ſide that all Wiſe, Sage, Learned and Diſcreet men in the whole World do hold.

Tim. I am ſorry, *Sir*, that I have diſturbed you: but I muſt pray once again to know which that is.

Phi. I am aſhamed to tell thee: It is

is ſuch a very ſilly queſtion. I do hold then, that all men naturally are *Bears, Dragons, Lyons, Wolves, Rogues, Raſcals* ——

Tim. I beſeech you, *Sir*, *hold* no more: there's enough for any one man to hold. I remember, *Philautus*, you told me a while ago that all men by nature were *doggiſh, ſpightful* and *treacherous*. But I thought you had only ſaid it, becauſe you found *your ſelf* ſo inclined, or in jeſt to ſcare me.

Phi. What doſt think that I ſtudied forty or fifty Years, only to find out and maintain a *jeſt?* Doſt think that the happineſs and ſecurity of all the *Kingdoms* of the Earth depend upon a *jeſt?* Thou art a very pretty fellow to diſcourſe withal indeed!

Tim. I pray, *Sir*, by your favour, how came it about that it was not found out by former *Philoſophers* that all men as well as *your ſelf*, are naturally *brutiſh*, and *ravenous?*

Phi.

Phi. I wonder you'l come over ſo often with *as well as your ſelf*, when I have ſo plainly told you, that it is naturally ſo with all men.

Tim. Nay, *Sir*, be not angry; I have ſo often heard an old ſtory of Σῶον πολιτικὸν, and of the great worth of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Epictetus*, and *Tully*, that I much wonder at your *Doctrine*.

Phi. Then upon my word, you have heard a very ſtory of a tub, and of a company of children, fools, ſotts, and dunces.

Tim. Enough, enough.

Phi. But I ſay, not enough: And if you'l hold your prating, I'le ſhew you how it came about, that the *morals* and *politicks* that have been written ſince the *creation* (as they call it) of the *world*, were not all worth a ruſh, till I ſet forth mine.

Tim. I'le not ſpeak again this half hour, if you'l but make out this handſomely.

Phi.

Phi. It was thus then: they went in a *wrong method*, they took things for granted that were *lyes*, and did not ſo much as conſult common *Hiſtory* and *experience*.

Tim. I poſeſs, *Philautus*, this ſeems to go to the very bottom of the buſineſs. I long to hear this as much as ever poor *child* did for the teat: in the *firſt place*, you ſay, they did not uſe a *right method*: wherein, I pray, did they fail?

Phi. They ſhould have done as I did; they ſhould have ſearch'd into the *humours*, *diſpoſitions*, *paſſions*, and *heart of mankind*.

Tim. And did you, *Sir*, find there written *Status naturæ eſt ſtatus belli*: as 'tis ſaid *Calis* was upon *Queen Marie*'s?

Phi. I perceive thou beginneſt to prate again. Haſt thou ſeen a little *Book* of mine called *Humane Nature*.

Tim. Yes, I think ſo.

Phi. You may eaſily know it; 'tis called *Humane Nature*, or *the*

fundamental Elements of Policy.

Tim. 'Tis so: and you might have call'd it as well *Tu quoque*, or the *jealous Lovers*, or the *fundamental Lawes of catching of Quailes*, as of *Policy*.

Phi. Did you not promise me to be modest, and not to prate? does this become you? go home and look in the glass.

Tim. Why? have you discourſed me into a *Bear*? I tell you, *Sir*, I have read over that same little *Book* called *Humane Nature*; and whereas you'd make the Reader believe, by the title, that he should find such strange *fundamentals* of *Policy*, *and* (as you there add) *according to Philosophical principles not commonly known or asserted*; there's not a word of any more *fundamentals*, than is to be found in *Jack Seton*, *Stierius* or *Magirus*; besides some small matter that was shirk'd up in *France* from some of *Cartes*'s acquaintance, and spoyled in the telling. I say, as for all the

the reſt, *Philautus*, it is as common, as the *Kings* high way; only according to your uſual manner, you labour much to diſguiſe it with your own phraſes, and to diſplace words to cheat *children*.

Phi. Why do you talk thus?

Tim. For no reaſon at all but only becauſe it is true. Thus we know that old *Ariſtotle*, and his dull ſoakers underſtood no further of the great myſteries of the *ſenſes*, and their ſeveral *Objects*; but only bluntly to ſay, that *ſenſe was a kind of knowledge occaſioned by ſome outward thing*, &c. and that *an object is a thing that cauſes that knowledge*: and that *colour is the object of the eye*, and that *ſound is the object of the ear*. But when *Philautus* comes to *Town*; he brings us news to purpoſe: informing us, that *all conception proceeds from the action of the thing it ſelf, whereof it is the conception; and when the action is preſent, the conception it produceth is called ſenſe*: (there *called* ſtands

in the right place) *and the thing by whoſe action the ſame is produced, is called the Object of the ſenſe.* (*That's* well placed again:) *And that by ſight we have a conception of colour, which is all the notice and knowledge the object imparteth to us of its nature by the eye.* This raviſhes! *and by hearing we have a conception called ſound, which is all the knowledge we have of the quality of the object from the ear.* Now who could not immediately ſpurr forth as far as *Dover* to meet a *Philoſopher* that ſhould bring home ſuch rarities as theſe?

Phi. If thou ſhouldſt ſet out, *Tim*, thou wouldſt be ſet in the ſtocks, before thou getteſt to *Rocheſter* bridge for undervaluing worth.

Tim. You talk, *Philautus*, of your *Humane Nature* containing the *Elements* of *Policy*; there's one cunning reflection (p. 5.) concerning *Imagination*, which is ſo full of novelty and ſubtilty, that it is enough alone to ſet up a man for *chief Miniſter*

niſter of State, viz. *that the abſence or deſtruction of things once imagined, doth not cauſe the abſence or deſtruction of the imagination it ſelf.*

Phi. Why, does it?

Tim. No: For ſuppoſe I have a *houſe* in *Cheapſide*, which I have ſometimes ſeen, and ſometimes *imagined*; according as I was beſt at leiſure; and this *houſe*, upon a day, either runs away from me or I from that; yet ſtill I may *phanſie* my ſelf trading in my own ſhop, and eating in my own Houſe: nay though it ſhould be burnt down to the very ground; yet for a need I can make ſhift once or twice a year to *phanſie* it ſtill ſtanding, or at leaſt to wiſh that it were. And ſurely upon this is founded that old friendly ſaying, *viz. though abſent in body, yet preſent in mind.*

Phi. And is it not a good ſaying?

Tim. Yes, it is pretty good, but nothing near ſo enlightning as your en-

largement thereupon. For by that you make out the whole buſineſs to be as plain as can be: and ſo you do another thing, which I have often wondred at. I have ſeen ſometimes a man ſet up his *ſtaff* in the middle of a great field, and a while after he has gone back, and put up a *Hare*. I had a kind of a gueſſing how this might poſſibly be; but durſt never be confident, till I was made happy by that ample and ſatisfactory *definition* you give of a *mark* p. 44. *A mark* (ſay you) *is a ſenſible object which a man erecteth Voluntarily to himſelf, to the end to remember thereby ſomewhat paſt, when the ſame is objected to his ſenſe again.*

Phi. Why do you laugh, *Tim*? there's nothing left out, is there?

Tim. Not in the leaſt: it will do, I'le undertake, for the talleſt *Maypole* in the *whole Nation*.

Phi. But for all that I am confident, *Tim*, that thou doſt not approve of it throughly.

Tim.

Tim. I muſt not, *Sir*, lay out all my approbation hereupon; becauſe there's abundance more of ſuch fine things (were I at leiſure to look them out) that do alſo highly deſerve to be approved of. Who would not ſave a good large corner of his heart, for ſuch an accurate accompt as you give (p. 35.) of an *experiment*, viz. *the remembrance of ſucceſſion of one thing to another, that is, of what antecedent has been followed by what Conſequent, is called an experiment.* As if I put my finger into a *Pike*'s mouth, to ſee if he can bite; my finger is the *Antecedent*, and if he bites, there's a *Conſequent* for my *Antecedent*: which I ſuppoſe, *Philantus*, I ſhould remember, and according to your directions *call* it an *experiment*. I hope alſo that I ſhall never forget what you tell me p. 8. where ſpeaking of *Muſick* and *ſounds* you lay down this admirable and ſtanding *definition* of an *aire*, viz. *an aire is a pleaſure of ſounds, which conſiſteth in conſe-*

quence of one note after another, diverſified both by accent and meaſure.

Phi. Surely, *Tim*, thou beginneſt to be mad: is it not very juſt, and very punctual?

Tim. Truly, *Sir*, I know nothing comparable to it, and what you ſaid before about an *experiment*, for abſolute exactneſs, except it be what the bove mentioned *Zacutus* ſays concerning a *team of Links* in his ſixth Chapter of *minc'd meats: a Teame of Links* (ſays he) *is a certain train of oblong terms, where the conſequent of the firſt is concatenated to the Antecedent of the ſecond, and the conſequent of the ſecond to the antecedent of the third*, &c. *So that every terme, in the whole train, is both antecedent and conſequent.*

Phi. You don't ſeem to like theſe ſame *Antecedents* and *conſequents*, Tim.

Tim. A little of them, *Sir*, now and then I like very well, eſpecially when they are brought in ſo naturally

rally as they are by *Zacutus*. But when any ſuch words are needleſsly forced upon me, I have enough of them for I know not how long after. I once, *Sir*, got ſuch an horrible *ſurfeit* with a long ſtory of *Conſequences*, in a *Scheme* of yours concerning the *Sciences* (Lev. p. 40.) that my ſtomach has ſcarce ſtood right towards *Conſequences* ever ſince.

Phi. What do you find fault to ſee all kind of knowledge lie fairly before your eyes?

Tim. I have ſeen it, *Sir*, ſeveral times, but all the art is in the catching: and I count my ſelf never a whit the nearer, for being told, as I am there by you; that *Science is the knowledge of all kind of Conſequences: which is alſo called Philoſophy. And Conſequences from the accidents of bodies natural, is called natural philoſophy. And Conſequences from accidents of politick bodies, is called Politicks or civil philoſophy. And Conſequences from the ſtars, Aſtronomy. Conſequences*

ces from the Earth, *Geography*: *Conſequences from viſion*, *Opticks*: *Conſequences from ſounds*, *Muſick*. And ſo *Conſequences* from the reſt are to be *called* the reſt. I profeſs *Philantus*, theſe ſame *Conſequences* did ſo terribly ſtick in my head, that for a long while after, I was ready to call every body that I met, *Conſequence*.

Phi. And now, as nice as you are, *Mr. Timothy*, I pray let me hear you *define* any of thoſe things better: come, hold up your head, and like a *Philoſopher* tell me, what's *Geography*.

Tim. Alaſs! *Sir*, I know nothing of it, but only I have heard people ſay, *it is about the Earth*.

Phi. *About* the *Earth*! What doſt mean, *round about* the *earth*?

Tim. Yes, *Sir*, if you pleaſe, *round about*, and quite through, and *about* and *about* again; any thing will ſerve my turn.

Phi So I thought, by that little knowledge which I perceive will ſatisfie thee. But I prethee, *Tim*, how

came

came we to ramble thus from the *ſtate of War?*

Tim. We have been all this while cloſe at it, *Sir:* for if you remember, I was to ſhew you (which I think I have done) that the old *Philoſophers* might have written as well concerning *Politicks*, as *your ſelf*; notwithſtanding you call your *Humane Nature* the *fundamental Elements of Policy*; in which there's nothings at all towards any ſuch purpoſe, except it be in the *title*, and at the end of the *Book*, where there ſtands theſe words (*Concluſion* being written over them) viz. *Thus have we conſidered the nature of man, ſo far as was requiſite for the finding out of the firſt and moſt ſimple Elements wherein the compoſition of Politick Rules and Laws are laſtly reſolved*; which *concluſion* honeſt *Will. Lilly* might e'en as well have ſet to the end of his *Grammer*, as you have done to your *Humane Nature.*

Phi. It is no matter *Tim*, what's written on the outſide of *Books*, be

it

it at beginning or ending; ſo that that which is *within* be excellent and ſerviceable.

Tim. I am very nigh of your mind, *Philautus*; but yet I would not have all the *Philoſophers* before you, be counted *Duntes* and *Loggerheads*, only becauſe it did not come into their mind to write a *Book*, concerning the *five Senſes*, *Imagination*, *Dreams*, *Prædicables*, *Propoſitions*, &c. and call it the *fundamental Elements of Policy*.

Phi. And is not the knowledge of the *five Senſes*, and the reſt that you mention very uſeful?

Tim. So is the knowledge of the *Eight parts of Speech*. But I muſt confeſs that I can ſcarce think, that ſuppoſing the people of *England* had generally believed with you, that *Viſion was not made by* ſpecies intentionales, that *the Image of any thing by reflection in a glaſs is not any thing in or behind the glaſs*, that *the interiour coat of the eye is nothing elſe but a piece of the optick nerve*, that *Univerſals*

do not exiſt in rerum naturâ; I ſay, I cannot think, notwithſtanding all this, but poſſibly we might have had *wars* in this *Nation*; no more than I can believe, that a falſe opinion of *Ecchoes*, and *Hypothetical Syllogiſms took off the King's head.*

Phi. I perceive you are reſolved to make the worſt of every thing.

Tim. I make it neither better nor worſe; for in your *Epiſtle Dedicatory* to the *Duke* of *Newcaſtle*, you tell him, that *all that have written before you of Juſtice and Policy, have invaded each other and themſelves with contradiction, that they have altogether built in the air, and that for want of ſuch infallible and inexpugnable Principles as you have Mathematically laid down, in your Humane Nature; Government and Peace have been nothing elſe to this day but mutual fear*: And when one comes to look for theſe ſame *infallibles*, and *inexpugnables*, there's nothing but about *conception*, and *phantaſms*, and a long *race* amongſt the *paſſions*; where

to endeavour is appetite, to turn back is repentance, to be in breath is hope, to be weary deſpair, and to forſake the courſe is to die, and the like; ſo that the only way to make a *Mathematical Governour*, is for himſelf to be a good *Fockey*, and for his Subjects rightly to underſtand the ſeveral *heats* and *courſes* of the *Paſſions*.

Phi. Thou getteſt away all the talk, *Tim.* I prethee liſten to me, and learn. I tell thee that I have by my great skill in *Mathematicks*, and great wearineſs ſo ordered the buſineſs, that moſt of my *Books* depend cloſely one upon another.

Tim. So I find it ſaid by the *Publiſher* of your *Humane Nature*, in his *Epiſtle* to the *Reader*. *Our Author* (ſays he) *hath written a body of Philoſophy upon ſuch Principles, and in ſuch order as is uſed by men converſant in demonſtration: which being diſtinguiſh'd into three Parts*, de Corpore, de Homine, de Cive, *each of the Conſequents begin at the end of the Antecedent* (like *Zacutus*'s links) *and*

and inſiſt thereupon at the latter Books of Euclid *upon the former.*

Phi. And whoever he was, he ſpoke like a *man* of *underſtanding*; it was my deſign that they ſhould, and by great induſtry I brought it to paſs.

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, how many pounds of candle did it coſt you, to tie *de Corpore*, and *de Homine* together? methinks you need not be long about that; for *Body* is either taken in *general* or *particular*; in *general*, that is *de Corpore:* and *man* being a *particular ſort of body*, *de Homine* muſt needs follow cloſe at the heels; and ſo they are taken care of: but indeed, to faſten *de Homine*, and *de Cive* cleverly together requires a little more knocking and hammering; and therefore to do that exactly, we muſt ſcratch and rub our heads very well, and warily call to mind, that *a man is to be conſidered in two reſpects; either as he is a body natural conſiſting of fleſh, blood, and bones; or as he is a member of the Body*

Body Politick: that is, as he is leg, arm, finger or toe of the *Common-wealth*; and therefore let us have one *Book de Homine*, as he is a *natural Body*, and another *de Cive*, as he is a *limb* of the *huge Giant*, the *Common-wealth*; and ſo there's an *Euclidean trap* laid, that *de Cive* ſhall follow *de Homine*; and ſo it does, but not bluntly: for though one would have thought that this had jointed them ſo cloſe together, that *Archimedes* himſelf could never have pulled them aſunder, yet to put all out of danger, it is beſt to rivet them a little faſter, by putting in a moſt *obliging tranſition*, in the laſt Chapter, intitled *de Homine fictitio*; where we are learnt further to conſider, that *a man is either by, or for himſelf a man, called a real man; or he is a man for another, called a fictitious man.* Such a one is he that *acts another*, is *deputed* for *another*, *engages* for *another*, or the like. Now becauſe in all well governed *Common-wealths* (now any one by that word may perceive, that

de

de Cive is just at *Towns* end) for better *trading*, *bargaining*, *commerce*, *&c.* there's great use of *Deputies*, *Proxies*, *Factors*, *Sponsors*, *Embassadors*, and the like; therefore let the chief of this Chapter be spent in the employments of such *fictitious men* in a *Common-wealth*; and then turn over the leaf, and behold, there stands to the honour of *Euclid*, and the admiration of all *Philautians*, the *Book de Cive.*

Phi. What, would you have *Arts* and *Sciences* tumbled down together, like coals into a Cellar? Would you not have men make use of their Parts, and Reason; and for smoothness, and memory sake, put somewhat before, that should relate to, and occasion what follows?

Tim. I am, *Sir*, a great friend to the very least pretences of connexion, where it is not phantastical, or manifestly inconvenient: but to have *Books* tailed together by far fetched contrivances; and to swagger them off for *demonstrations*, and

thereupon to defie all former Ages, is ſo very idle, that I had rather people would ſpeak *Proverbs*, or only ſay, *theſe four leafes I intend to ſpeak of a Horſe, the next two ſhall be concerning Mackrel, and what is to be ſpared, ſhall be concerning Caterpillars.*

Phi. And do you, *Tim*, approve of this *illogical*, *unphiloſophical*, and *unmathematically* way of writing?

Tim. No; but I had ten times rather do ſo; than as the *natural Philoſopher*, who being employed to write the *Hiſtory* of a *Crow*, *Jackdaw*, and *Pye*, after many Months ſpent in dreſſing, ranking, ſtringing, and hanging them together, at laſt entered upon the buſineſs after this elegant and digeſted manner. *Being about to treat of the natural rights, and Powers of Crows, Jackdaws, and Pyes; ſubjects often handled by weak and heedleſs obſervers: we ſhall be forced ſo to write, as if none had been before us in this kind: all which muſt be performed with ſuch prudence and conſideration, as juſtly become ſo very great*

great an affair; seeing that hereupon depend not only the knowledge of the chiefest and best of Birds; but also of all beasts in general: Nay, even of man himself, and the great Trojane *horse the Common-wealth. And that we may be sure to lay a solid foundation, and neither to repent, nor recal, it will be necessary in the beginning exactly to state the true couception or* Idœa *of a Bird, for as much as the particular conceptions of Crow, Jack-daw, and Pye are comprehended under that common one of Bird: And therefore that we may avoid all equivocation, which is the original of Errors, and that there may be no quarrelling or disputing in following Ages, we do ram down for the future Peace and Government of all Natians, that the phantasme or Conception of a Bird is a flying phantasme or conteption. Having thus warily and fundamentally determined what is a Bird in general; we proceed now to the three Birds themselves, and that we may do nothing without method, the blackest and largest of*

them we call a Crow; and seeing that likeness of colour begets likeness of conception, we go on to the next, whose conception is full out as black as a Crow, but not altogether so large, and this we call a Jack-daw; and because that black strictly taken only for black, is a more simple conception than black and white together, therefore we thought fit to speak of a Pye in the last place, which partakes of the two former conceptions as to black, but differs from both as to white.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, what was the name of this *Philosopher*?

Tim. 'Tis no matter for his name, *Sir*: You must needs acknowledge him to be a *Philosopher* of worth; and very little inferiour to your self, both as to reason, and circumspection.

Phi. But where's the *state of war* all this while? That's the thing I long to be at, *Tim*; and to *shew* thee for a *Fish*.

Tim. Let me but consider a little, how that same Book *de homine* (I don't

don't mean your little *Engliſh Humane Nature*) came to be filled with ſuch a heap of *Opticks*, and then the *Fiſh* ſhall *begin* as ſoon as you will.

Phi. To make out that is as needleſs, as to ſhew how a *Coach* goes down *Holborn Hill*.

Tim. I think I remember how it is, viz. *a man is a Creature, that has* body *and* mind: *his mind has ſeveral faculties; and amongſt the reſt there be* five Senſes; *and the moſt excellent of all theſe is* Seeing; *and then preſently pull away with* Perſpective, Dioptricks, Catoptricks, Teleſcopes, Microſcopes, *and all the reſt for fifty Pages together, as long as there's a Star to be ſeen in the Skie.*

Phi. And why, is it not proper to put in *Opticks* into a Treatiſe *de Homine?*

Tim. Not after the manner as you have done; becauſe we have an art by it ſelf for that purpoſe. You might as well have put in fifty Pages about *Muſick*, as about *Opticks*:

for man you know has as many *ears*, as *eyes*. But here's the buſineſs, *Philautus*, you take very great pains in all things to be ſingular. Where you ſhould uſe *Mathematicks*, there you will ſcarce let us have any at all; and when there's not the leaſt need, then you pour them forth as if you were bottomleſs. And thus many a *Reader* comes, ſuppoſe, to one of your *Books* that has an ordinary *title*; and there finding a company of ſtrange *Mathematical Schemes*; and not underſtanding them, he preſently cries out, *What a brave man is this* Philautus? *What wonders and rarities does he afford upon ſuch a common ſubject? Surely he has gone the deepeſt that ever ſearch'd into Nature.* I tell you, *Philautus*, he that has a mind to take advantage of this humour of yours, and to run things together by force that have no relation, he may eaſily thruſt the fifteen *Books* of *Euclid* into the *London Diſpenſatory*, or *Juſtinian*'s *Inſtitutes* into a *Common Almanack*. I ſhall not now

ſtand

ſtand to tell you after what *pills*, and under what *month* they might come in, becauſe I am loth to hinder the *ſhow*.

Phi. Be not too ſecure and preſumptuous, *Tim*: for if I don't ſhew thee for a *fiſh*, I'l ſhew thee to be a *Beaſt*, and *all mankind* beſides.

Tim. Nay, if I have ſo much good company, I had much rather turn out to *graſs*, than *ſtand in* alone, and be *melancholy*; come, *Sir*, *flouriſh* then, and let's begin.

Phi. You know *Tim*, that I have laid a foundation for this in my *Humane Nature*, and 'tis an eaſie matter now to finiſh the buſineſs.

Tim. Yes truly I have (as I told you before) looked over that ſame foundation of yours, called *Humane Nature*, and I think it much more fit for the *bottom* of *minc'd Pyes*, than of any *Policy* or government. Be pleaſed to go on, *Sir*, and ſhew ſome *other reaſons*, why the ancient *Philoſophers* did not think, as you do, that all men are naturally beaſts.

You told me as I remember, ſomewhat elſe, wherein they miſcarried; beſides that they went in a *wrong method*, and did not firſt deſign a Treatiſe of *Humane Nature*.

Phi. I did ſo: and it was thus: *viz.* They all blindly running one after another, and taking ſeveral things for granted that were perfectly falſe; they laid down that for a *fundamental truth*, which is no otherwiſe than a *fundamental lie*.

Tim. That was a great overſight indeed; a *fundamental truth*, and a *fundamental lie*! I profeſs, *Sir*, they dwell a great way aſunder. But I pray what was that fundamental lie?

Phi. That man was a ſociable creature.

Tim. 'Lack a day! how eaſie a matter is it for old folks to dote and ſlaver, and for *young ones* to be deceived, and lick up the ſpittle? I'd have laid three cakes to a farthing, that my *old Maſters* had been in the right. But are you very certain

certain that they are not? perhaps you may have taken yours upon truſt, as well as they did theirs: and if ſo, then courage cakes, for I don't intend to be a *Centaure*.

Phi. That's a good one indeed: as if they who had all their Philoſophy from the tap-droppings of their *predeceſſors*, and the moral tradition of the *Barber's* Chair, were not much more ſubject to take things upon truſt, than one, who ſuſpecting all kind of opinions, have turn'd over the whole *Hiſtory* of the *world*, and *Nature* her ſelf.

Tim. And there belike you found, that *man is not a ſociable creature*. I wiſh there where ſome way to compound this buſineſs: for you know, *Sir*, the world is full of trade, acquaintance, neighbours and relations: and for the moſt part *man* has had the crack and fame, for five or ſix thouſand years, of being tolerably tame; and methinks it is a great pity now at laſt to be ſent to the *Tower* amongſt the *Lyons*, or to be driven

driven to *Smithfield*, with a Maſtiff and a great cudgel. I pray, *Sir*, what do you mean by thoſe words, when you ſay that *man is not a ſociable creature.*

Phi. What, canſt not conſtrue two words of *Greek* ζῶον πολιτικόν: I mean as all people mean, that *man is not born fit for ſociety.*

Tim. He is uſually born with two Legs to go about his buſineſs; with a pair of hands to tell money, with a couple of eyes to ſee if there be any Braſs; and with a tongue to diſcourſe, when he has nothing elſe to do. And therefore I muſt be troubleſome once more, and deſire you to explain, what you mean by a *mans being not born fit for ſociety.*

Phi. Thou askeſt queſtions, *Tim*, as if thou didſt intend to ſend me to *market*: When I ſay, that a man is not born fit for ſociety, I mean that men *naturally* do not *ſeek ſociety for its own ſake.*

Tim. I muſt deſire of you, that you

you would let *own ſake* alone for the preſent, and let us firſt ſee, whether men do *naturally ſeek ſociety*: and I'le promiſe you, not to forget to have it conſidered, for *whoſe ſake*, or *upon what accompt* they do it. And therefore, I pray, *Sir*, anſwer me punctually whether naturally men do *ſeek ſociety* or not.

Phi. To be punctual, *Tim*, and pleaſe thee, I anſwer they do not.

Tim. You know, *Philautus*, that men are apt to ſort, to herd; they love to enquire, to confer, and diſcourſe: and when people get into corners, and covet to be alone; we uſually count ſuch to be ſick, diſtemper'd, melancholy or towards mad. And I ſuppoſe the queſtion is not concerning ſuch, but concerning *healthful* and *ſober men*.

Phi. There you are quite out, *Tim*: for when I ſay that men *naturally* do not ſeek *ſociety*, or *are not born fit for ſociety*; I don't mean *full grown men*, ſuch as are able to carry

carry or eat a quarter of beef, but I mean *children*: which is plain in the very *phraſe* it ſelf, *Tim*, if thou wouldſt mind any thing: it being there ſaid, *not born fit*; ſo that to ſay, a man is not *born fit* for ſociety, is all one as to ſay, that a man *newly born* is not *fit for ſociety*, or does not *ſeek ſociety*.

Tim. Well, let it go ſo; we'l ſee what will become of this buſineſs, it begins to drive bravely: we are got thus far that *children* do not *deſire* or *ſeek ſociety*. But if ſo, *Philautus*, how comes it about that they *deſire* or *ſeek* after *company*? I don't mean, that when the Nurſes back is turn'd, they skip out of the cradle, and with a huge aſhen plant run away to the next *fair*, *Bull-Baiting*, or *football match*; but they do not care for being in the dark: they are diſcontented, and cry when they are left alone, and love to ſee now and then a *humane face*, if it does not look, as if it would bite.

Phi

Phi. All this is only for *victuals*.

Tim. Some of it, I grant you, may be for *victuals*, But they can't eat, from one end of the Nation to the other. And one *child* oftimes takes delight in the company of another, to whom it has never a load of corn to ſell: neither does it intend to eat, or ſuck up that other child.

Phi. Thou art quite beſide the ſaddle again, *Tim*: for when I ſay a *child* doth not *ſeek* or deſire *ſociety*: by *ſociety* I don't mean crying for the *pap* or *ſucking bottle*, or to be daunc'd by Dad, or to giggle it amongſt its *Comrades*: But I mean by *ſociety*, bonds, contracts, covenants, league, *transferring of rights*, and ſuch like things which are proper to Cities, Communities and Societies: Doſt hear me, *Tim*, I mean by ſociety theſe ſort of common-wealth affairs: which thou knoweſt *children* do neither underſtand, nor are able to mannage.

And

And now I ſuppoſe thy thick skull begins to open a little, and to be enlightened: one had as good have half a ſcore to inform, as one heavy *Tim.*

Tim. Indeed, *Sir*, it muſt be acknowledged that you have taken great pains. But for all that, I pray, may not I make bold to ſay, that *children* deſire ſociety in your ſence? for they *ſeek* it ſo ſoon as they are able, and do perceive the intentions thereof.

Phi. Thou wilt never leave this dull trick of not underſtanding. I muſt therefore condeſcend, and let thee know, that by *ſeeking* ſociety, I mean *actual entring* into *ſociety*: that is, being ingaged in conveyances, bargains, publick offices, and ſuch things as I before mentioned. This and only this is truly to be ſaid ſociable.

Tim. And is this all that you have ow to ſay? have you nothing more to add?

Phi.

Phi. What need is there of any more?

Tim. Then do I very much pity the *poor diſtreſſed creatures*, that have been thus long gulled with fame and phraſes.

Phi. How ſo?

Phi. How ſo, do you ſay; what would you have a *child* come out of the womb, ſaying over *Noverint Univerſi* with a pen in one hand and wax in t' other, and fall preſently to ſigning, ſealing and delivering: or before it be dreſſed; ſhriek aloud, and cry *Faggots, faggots, five* for *ſix pence?* is this the *principle* that you were ſo many years a finding out? is this the fruits of *Mathematicks, long obſervation, fundamental caſting about*, and *bottoming* of things? did you go into the bowels and heart blood of Nature to bring up nothing elſe but this?

Phi. I preethee, *Tim*, don't make ſuch long ſentences: for thou wilt have nothing to ſay by and by. I tell

tell thee that this principle that I have now revealed to thee, is the moſt weighty *principle* that belongs to all *Humane Nature.*

Tim. 'Tis very weighty indeed: and it is great pity but that you ſhould be entomb'd at *Weſtminſter*, and ſtatued up at *Greſham Colledge* for the great moral diſcoverer of the Age.

Phi. Why? for all your jeering, *Tim*, I hope you do not imagine that a child can trade, and covenant, or bear any *publick office* for the good of the *Common-wealth.*

Tim. No indeed: I do not think it can: unleſs you would have it jump off the Nurſes lap, and run away to the *Exchange*, and there ask for the *Spaniſh*, or *Virginia* walk; or have a woman brought to bed of a *Juſtice of peace*, or a *Mayor* with his *Mace-bearer* and *tipt ſtaves* before him.

Phi. Very good, very good: then it ſeems at laſt, you are willing to acknowledge that I ſaid true.

Tim.

Tim. And ſo did all men before you.

Phi. Nay, pardon me there, for they ſay quite contrary.

Tim. Which of them ever ſaid that any man was actually born a *Conſtable* or *ſilk weaver*?

Phi. But they ſay he's born fit.

Tim. So do you, or elſe I cannot read your own *Annotations* upon the ſecond *Article* of your firſt *Chapter de Cive*: wherein you ſay that *to man, by nature, as man, as ſoon as he is born, ſolitude is an enemy. And that all men are deſirous of congreſs and mutual correſpondence, and do enter into ſociety as ſoon as they underſtand it.*

Phi. But this is not pure *infant nature*, but *education*.

Tim. I ſhould laugh indeed to ſee a *Merchant* to ſhip away a *Baby* in blankets to be his *Factor* beyond ſea: or to ſee a *child* of half a year old with its whiſtle & rattle ſet ſwaggering in *Commiſſion* upon the bench with my *Lord*. A child I ſuppoſe may be admitted to be born apt to walk,

ſpeak, reaſon and diſcourſe; although it be above a week before it leaps up the table, and cry *Nego minorem.* The ſhort of your opinion is this, *Philautus*, that *Children, fools* and *madmen*, are not very ambitious of being of the *Privy Council*; and if they were invited thereunto, would do themſelves and the *Nation* but little ſervice. So that if *right reaſon* (which, *Philautus*, you ſo much talk of, and pretend to) does determine that the *Cradle*, *Bedlam*, and a *Gentleman*'s *kitchen* ſhall be the only ſtandard and meaſure of *Humane Nature*, then truly *Philautus* muſt be acknowledged by all for a moſt mighty *Philoſopher:* but if otherwiſe, he muſt e'en be content to ſit down with his *neighbours.* And if you remember, *Philautus*, I gave you an hint of this at firſt, *viz.* That if your *opinions* were throughly ſearch'd into, and that all diſguiſe of *phraſe* was laid aſide, they would either be found to be abſolutely *falſe*, or elſe to be

the

the ſame, that every *mortal* believes. And this gave me hopes of *compounding* the buſineſs.

Phi. Nay, hold you there: for I am againſt ſharing or dividing of truth. I don't like that cowardly trick of *compounding* for an aſſertion, or having my *opinions inſured.* Sink, or ſwim, I love to run the whole venture, and to get all or loſe all. And certain I am that I ſay ſomewhat quite different from what is commonly *known*, or *aſſerted.*

Tim. So you know you promiſed us in the title of your *Humane Nature:* where I looked till my eyes aked; and I could find nothing but ancient venerable ſtuff new *caſed* and *dawb'd* over. And I perceive you are of the ſame mind ſtill, and think that you hold and maintain ſuch things as were never held or maintained before. I pray, *Sir*, let's hear one of thoſe ſame things, that you thus ſwagger of.

Phi. Then let me tell you, *Tim*, that I do hold, maintain & poſitively

ſay that *the ſtate of nature is a ſtate of war*: which is a truth ſo great, bold, and generous, that all the *Ancients* wanted parts, wit and courage to find it out, or defend it.

Tim. I am confident that this will prove juſt ſuch another *ſtory*, as that of the *ſociable creature*: and I muſt needs ſay that it was done like a *wit*, and *Hec.* beſides, to find out, and hold that which every *child* may hold.

Phi. That's as good, as I heard this fortnight: Thou ſpeakeſt like one that is verſed in buſineſs, and the world. What, ſhall a *child* be able to defend that which lay hid for ſo many *Ages*, and took me ſuch pains to diſcover?

Tim. You ſhall hear the *Child* hold it, and *demonſtrate* it too, that's more, *viz.* thus: the *ſtate of War* (you know) is a *ſtate* wherein *people* have not engaged or obliged themſelves to one another by any covenants, bargains, or transferring of rights. So far is true: is it not?

Phi.

Phi. Well, go on.

Tim. And you know that *children* or *infants*, which are in the true ſtate of nature, cannot covenant, or bargain, releaſe or transferr; and therefore you cannot but know, that that dreadful buſineſs called the *ſtate* of *war* muſt needs follow.

Phi. Thou art, *Tim*, certainly, the worthieſt of thy kind. This is my very proof: you make uſe of my very way.

Tim. I do ſo; becauſe no body but a *child* would ever have made ſuch a noiſe and rattle with a company of words, and to mean ſo little by them.

Phi. Why, what's the matter now? what is it that you would have had meant?

Tim. Alas! *Sir*, when you told me (as you do in your *Epiſtle Dedicatory de Cive*) That *man to man is an arrant Wolf*, except it be for his intereſt to be otherwiſe; That *there's no living amongſt ſtrangers but by the two daughters of War*, de-

ceipt and *violence*; That naturally men are all *brutal*, *ravenous* and *rapacious*; I say when I heard this, I expected the whole *world* naturally to be all in arms and an uproar, tearing and worrying one another like mad: and to hear nothing but down with him there, hang him with his own guts, give him a pound of melted lead for a *julip* to cool his pluck, split him down the chine, or flea him alive and roast him with a couple of *awles* in his eyes: when I, *Philautus*, heard of a *state* of *war*, I profess, I could think of little less than all this, and so did most people besides: and when all comes to all, *Philautus* has found out a great *moral secret*, viz. That *Whelps* can't see till they be nine days old, nor a *child* can't speak unless it has a *spoon*, nor *go* to *market* before it can *go alone*.

Phi. Is this all as I say?

Tim. 'Tis all: and every bit and scrap of all. For like a great *searcher* into *Nature*, you only observe that we are *children* before we are *men*, and

and *children* can't ſpeak; and where no ſpeech there can be no bargain or engagement, or treaty for terms of *peace*: and where no bargain, *&c.* there muſt needs be the *Devil*, & *war*.

Phi. I profeſs, *Tim*, this confidence of thine does almoſt anger me, to utter ſome vaſt ſenſe beyond thy worth.

Tim. If I thought that were the way to make you *ſpeak wiſer*, I'd carry on the deſign, and endeavour to improve my ſelf for that very purpoſe: and I'd not only be very *confident*, but I'd be as *ſaucy*, as I could contrive.

Phi. Then know, *Tim*, that I have reſerved a reaſon for ſuch *ſaucineſs*, as thine: and therefore I do pronounce that *children* may not only be ſaid to be in a *ſtate* of *war* meerly becauſe they cannot enter into *Leagues*, and offer and receive *terms* of *peace*; but that we oft-times ſee that they *actually gripe* and *demand* things to which they have not the leaſt right or title: which if denyed,

they presently out of fury cry, quarrel, fight, and scratch poor *Nurse*, or *Parent* it self: now this, *Tim*, does not only *demonstrate* their natural dispositions to *war*; but that without any affront, reason or pretence of justice, they actually fall on and have no respect at all to our *meums* and *tuums*.

Tim. Thus have I seen a *spanish-leather shoe* kick'd into the fire, and perished in the involving flames: and (which would make a heart to bleed) a whole *poringer* of *sweetned milk*, with its topling white bread, rouling up and down upon the uncertain floor: and the *little state of Nature* as hard worrying the Righteous & inoffensive *Nurse*, as ever poor *Dog* was worryed by *Hare*. And inquiring into the *quarrel*, and occasion of the *war*, I found, that the *wicked* and *ravenous young Centaure* against all Conscience and the establish'd laws of the *Realm*, had most *unjustly* and *feloniously* sate upon a whole yard of red inkle.

Phi.

Phi. And did it not affect thee, *Tim*, and make thee ſigh again? and wert not thou converted thereby, and fully convinced that the *State* of *Nature* was a *ſtate* of *war?* this methinks was a very *Providential inſtance.*

Tim. I was fully perſwaded, *Sir*, by that and ſome other inſtances, that *children* do not know the exact difference between *freehold* and *copyhold.* And when they take a frolick to ſcratch and quarrel, they do not always conſult the *law* of *Nations*; giving convenient warning, and Printing a *Proclamation of war* with a long *hiſtory* of the juſtice thereof. But, *Sir*, there's another thing to be taken notice of in *children* (which I wonder ſuch an *obſerver* as you ſhould miſs) that intimates a ſetled reſolution to quarrel, and ſeems to deſign abſolute battel: for, what you mentioned before, may poſſibly be by *chance.* And that is, many children are obſerved to come into the *world* with all

all their *fingers* close bent over their *thumbs*; and they oft-times continue in this *fierce condition* a long while after: & if any one goes about to order the *hand* into more *peaceful* posture and circumstances, it's presently snatched away with great fury and violence, and by a *natural* kind of *restitution*, returns to the *primitive state* of *fisty-cuffs*.

Phi. I profess, *Tim*, I did not think that thou hadst had so much stuff in thee. I am confident that if thou hadst not been spoiled in thy *education*, and tainted with some foppish and squeamish *Principles*: thou mightest in time have come to some tolerable degree of *moral prudence*.

Tim. Why, *Sir*, do you like what I now said?

Phi. Like it? Why, who does not?

Tim. Nay, if you like that, surely (in your *opinion*) I may be *Professor* in time: for it was one of the silliest things that ever I said in my whole life.

life. I did it only, *Sir*, to *pair* it with your reaſon which you quoted juſt before out of your *Preface*, about *Childrens* clawing for a *flower*, or *bit* of *ribband*.

Phi. What then, art thou reſolved not to ſtir? Muſt I go on further to convince thee? I prethee, *Tim*, tell me, how much *conviction* will ſerve thy turn, & I'le undertake thee by the *lump*, that I may know when I ſhall make thee a *man*? I am confident, I fully underſtand why thou ſtickeſt, and art ſo difficultly to be brought to my *opinion*: thou perceiveſt that moſt people are born in *Families* and *Towns*, and whileſt they are *children* they are kept from doing miſchief by their *Parents* and *Nurſes*; and when they are grown up, they are reſtrained by *Law*: and were it not for this pittiful prejudice, thou wouldſt believe as fully as I, that the *ſtate of Nature is* a *meer ſtate of war*.

Tim. I know now as well as can be where abouts you are: this is to wheadle

wheadle me into your *Muſhroom ſtate of men ſuddainly ſpringing out of the earth*, without any kind of engagement to each other.

Phi. O that I could but get thee to grant any ſuch thing, then I ſhould flie thee home preſently.

Tim. I don't care much for *men ſpringing out of the earth*; leſt ſitting upon the ground, ſome fellow or other ſhould leeringly put up his *head* between my *legs*; but, which is as well, I'le grant you a *ſhower* of *pure natural men*; and the rather, becauſe *Pliny* has a little ſcoured the roads, with a *rain* of *calfes* long ago.

Phi. And wilt thou not flinch, but be ingenuous, and ſuffer me to *ſuppoſe* freely?

Tim. Suffer you, *Sir*? Don't queſtion that: if you pleaſe, *Sir*, I'le *ſuppoſe* it for you.

Phi. And won't you put in a little of *Moſes*'s tale, of the *World* being inhabited firſt by *Adam*; to whom *God transferred the right* of all things,

things, and he to his *Poſterity*?

Tim. Not a word; it does not become a *Philoſopher*, and an Inquirer into *Principles* to tell *Stories*.

Phi. Now thou ſpeakeſt like a *child* of ſome hopes. I don't queſtion now but I ſhall get thy heart, and ſoul too, before it be long. I prethee then begin; and be ſure *Tim*, to be very juſt and exact in thy *ſuppoſition*.

Tim. Thus then; Upon the tenth of *March*——

Phi. How? not a word further: thou muſt begin all again: the tenth of *March*, *Tim*? that's not *natural*: but a meer *humane inſtitution* of the *Almanack-men*: an abſolute contrivance of *State*, to find out *Fairs* and *Markets*, and other *publick-places* of *transferring of rights*.

Tim. Then let it be thus; Once upon a time, the wind being full *Eaſt*——

Phi. Out again; we ſhall have a ſhower of nothing but *Fudges*, *Doctors*, and *Philoſophers*: Doſt not know

know that the *wiſe men came out of the Eaſt.*

Tim. That's only *Scripture*, *Sir*, and you know if the *Supream Magiſtrate* does but ſo interpret it, there ſhall come as wiſe ones out of the *Weſt*: but however to content you, wee'l have no wind at all: but only wee'l have it *rain* a good luſty *ſhower*; and amongſt the reſt of the *great drops*, there ſhall come down four *well complexioned*, *upright Gentlemen*, about *fifteen hands* high, which ſhall all happen to fall upon an *Iſland* of four hundred acres, *viz.* the *Iſle* of *Pines*; and that we may be better acquainted with them, their names ſhall be *Dick*, *Roger*, *Tumbler*, & *Towſer*.

Phi. Here's at leaſt half a load of *contradiction*, in what thou haſt now ſaid. Firſt of all you ſay they ſhall be *upright*: I pray whoſe *Rights* or *Laws* can they keep or break; they having not as yet taken any oath of *Allegiance* or *Supremacy*? Next of all you ſay they are *Gentlemen*: Perhaps ſo; but if they be, you muſt needs

needs go back again, and ſpeak for a *ſmall dagger-cloud* for their *foot-boys*: and then beſides all this, I ſee no great neceſſity that you ſhould make them ſo very *tall* and *large*, when *leſs Mounſiers* would ſerve as well for a *ſuppoſition*.

Tim. Truly, *Sir*, when I ſaid that they were *upright Gentlemen*, I only meant that they were ſtreight limb'd and *right up ones*: and by *Gentlemen*, I only meant ordinary men: But as to their ſtature I think I was diſcreet enough: becauſe if you remember, *Sir*, in the *Eighth Chapter* of your *dominion*; thoſe ſame *muſh-room-men* which you ordered to ſpring out of the earth, were *ſuddainly to come to full maturity*; and if *mature perfect men* may *come up*, I ſaw no reaſon but as perfect ones might *come down*. And when we had once oppointed it to *rain men*; I thought we had better have a *ſhower* to ſome purpoſe, and have it rain good, *ſtout*, *ſpeaking*, *underſtanding men*, than only a *Scottiſh miſt* of *Babies*, which would

would have entangled us again in the *old story* of *children* not being *ſociable.*

Phi. But how comes it about that you ſuppoſe theſe *people* to ſpeak? *Speech* is ſo very an *artificial* thing, that we are forced to have *Maſters* and *Miſtreſſes* for that very purpoſe; and all the *world* perceives that *children* do not ſpeak naturally

Tim. But you know, *Philautus*, that the very ſame man *Cadmus* that had a *Plantation* of *armed men*, not far from the *Iſle of Pines*, is ſaid to have had alſo a *ſmall nurſery* of *Letters*; and we may properly enough ſay that there is ſome hopes that *children* may ſpeak, although they do not immediately after nine or ten Months *cloſe inpriſonment*, *call* for their *boots* and *horſe*, to take *freſh air.* And beſides you promiſed to talk no more of *children*, but *ſubſtantial men*; and you need not be afraid at all, that it ſhall *rain* any *abſurdities*, ſo long as we do not ſuppoſe it to *rain Watchmen*, *Bell-men*, *Lanterns*, and *Pſalms*: for

for we intend only an ordinary *civil ſhower* of *perfect men*.

Phi. I am likely to do thee much good indeed! We are inquiring what is the *pure candid condition of nature*, and thou comeſt in with thy *Civil ſhower*; which ſuppoſes *Government*, *ſociety*, and all the *abſurdities* imaginable, and begs the whole *queſtion* that is in *controverſie*: Is this you that promiſed to *ſuppoſe* ſo fairly? thou ſhalt e'en be called *Tim* the *fair ſuppoſer*.

Tim. This 'tis to be ſo much for *ſelf preſervation*! it makes people as *curious* and *fearful* of their *reputation*, as of their *limbs*. I ſpeak, *Phi lautus*, only of an ordinary *ſhower* of *men*, and you ſnort and boggle, as if I had laid a *thouſand fox-traps*, and *barrels* of *gun-powder* in the road; you may put out the word *Civil*, if you pleaſe, I intended no advantage by it.

Phi. Well then, If you'l leave out your tricks, and keep to your *pure*, *plain*, *ordinary men*; I do not at all

queſtion, but the *battle* will go on my ſide.

Tim. What are you reſolved then that they muſt needs have a *bruſh* at *boxes* before they ſet on the *old hen* and *bacon*? Muſt they needs upon firſt ſight ſet up their *tails*, and *briſtles*, and fall a ſnarling, and ſwearing, and tearing one anothers throats out?

Phi. You do not hear me ſay ſo: but you muſt be forced to grant me, that they are as yet in a moſt abſolute *ſtate* of *war*.

Tim. Why ſo?

Phi. Becauſe they have not as yet entered into any *League*, nor concluded any *Treaty*, nor ſo much as made any *overtures* for *Alliance*.

Tim. That's right: unleſs they happened (as they came tumbling down) to call in at old *Fones* of *upper Enfield*, two miles beyond *Caucaſus*, and there *crack'd* a *pot*, and *ſhak'd hands*.

Phi. But if they did ſo, they did not come down *in puris naturalibus*.

Tim.

Tim. And is this all the reaſon you have that theſe men are in a *ſtate of war*, *viz.* becauſe they have not as yet *diſcourſed*, *made overtures*, *covenanted*?

Phi. Yes truly; and it is a moſt *able* one upon my *reputation*.

Tim. Now could I be tempted to go home, and ſpend a little time in *laughing*, and not to talk one word more: for this proves juſt ſuch another *diſcovery* as we had before: For after much wrangling and diſpute, we found out (I remember) at laſt, that a *ſucking Child* was not fit to command an *Army*, or to make a *Speech* at the head of it; and now we have found out that theſe ſame *dropt men* can't enter into a *league*, till they have ſpoken one with another, neither can they *ſpeak* till they open their *mouths*; and therefore they are in a moſt diſmal *ſtate of war*; becauſe when they do meet, it is poſſible for them to *fight*, having not ſworn any thing at all to the contrary. What, *Philautus*, would you

have *Roger* ſpeak to the next tree to run away in all haſte, and out of *pure natural kindneſs*, and *ſweet ſincere humanity* invite *Dick* and the reſt of the *Pineyards* to a *Weſphalia* Ham and Pigeons? Whereas *Roger* never ſaw any of them as yet, nor knows any thing of their being come to *Pines*: Or would you have *Dick* to teſtifie his *inward diſpoſition* to pure *ſociety* it ſelf, graſp a whole armful of air, and fall to treating and covenanting, and at laſt enter into a cloſe league therewith? The ſumme of all, *Philautus*, amounts only to this; that there are four honeſt *Rogues* come to *Town*, from the four ſeveral quarters of the *world*, and falling either upon *ſeveral places* of the *Iſland*, or being a *great miſt*, or coming *before day light*, they have not as yet ſeen one another, and having not ſeen one another, they have not as yet diſcourſed, treated or compounded; and therefore they are actually in a *ſtate of war*, *i. e.* they having not *ſpoken* at all, it is impoſſible that they ſhould

have

have *ſpoken* to each other. Now if you take delight in the *phraſe*, you may if you pleaſe call this a *ſtate of war*, a *ſtate* of *Devils*, or what *ſtate* you will; but for my part, I think there's nothing in it, only a ſmall *trick* of *words*. There's the huge *King* of *China*, and *another great man* that dwells t'other way: I never made any *overtures*, *treaty* or *compoſition* with them; and yet for all that I don't find any *grumblings* or *curſings* of *humane nature* within me, or any *prickings*, and *puſhings* forth toward any war. Indeed I have found my ſelf ſometimes at ſome ſmall variance with the *Turk*, but that is, becauſe his *Rogues* uſe to droll a little too ſeverely upon my *Merchant men*. Neither, *Philautus*, would I have you think (ſuppoſing it were worth the while to inſiſt upon a *phraſe*) that you have juſtified this kind of ſuppoſing *ſtate of nature* to be a *ſtate of War*, by ſaying as you ſomewhere do, that *the ſtate of war is not only actual fighting*, but it is

the whole time that the *variance* or *quarrel* laſt. For I grant that *war* conſiſts not in the *number* or *length* of *battels*, but in a *readineſs* and *reſolution* to *contend*. But withal we may eaſily conceive much more reaſon to call the *intervals* between *battle* and *battle*, *war*; or the whole time from *Proclamation* thereof to the *concluding* of *peace*; than to call that a *ſtate* of *war*, which has no pretence for any ſuch *name* from any *quarrel* that ever was yet, but from one that *unreaſonably* may be. I ſay, I think there ought to be ſome *difference* made between theſe two *ſtates*; and you your ſelf, *Philautus*, muſt not be too backward to acknowledge it; becauſe of your very own *definition* of *war*, *cap.* 1. *Art.* 12. where you ſay, that *war is that ſame time in which the Will of conteſting by force, is fully declared by words or deeds.* Now if *Roger* had challenged *Dick* to play with him to morrow, three firſt hits for the *Kingdom*; or that *Dick* had come be-

hind

hind *Roger*, and ſtruck up his heels, here had been *Declaration* enough to ſignifie and juſtifie *war*: But to ſay that they are at *war* without either *words* or *deeds* (only becauſe they have not *bargain'd*) is not agreeable to what you ſay your ſelf.

Phi. You have talked, and talked I know not what, *Tim.* But for all that, will you venture to ſay that theſe *four ſtrangers* are *actually* a *body politick*?

Tim. I'le ſay no ſuch thing at all: But I ſay that this ſame *ſtate of war* which you make ſuch a clatter with, is only a *war of meer words*: and therefore to lay aſide this ſame *blind mans buff*, and decide the controverſie; let us ſee a little what theſe ſame *Pineyards* will do when they firſt meet. And ſo, if you pleaſe, *Sir*, about *Sun-riſing* wee'l give them a *view*, *unmuzzel*, and let them off the *ſlip*. *And now* hola Roger! *over with him there* Dick; *collar him cloſe* Towſer; *gripe him under the ſmall ribs*, *and pluck out his ſpleen*

Tumbler. *O bravely recovered! Now hold it out for the credit of the* ſtate of nature, *and the family of the* Dicks. *Now fall upon his cheſt, and ſtrike his heart out of his mouth, and daſh that* Rogues *eye out of the* Iſland.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, what art thou doing of? What an uproar and noiſe thou makeſt! Thou didſt talk juſt now of four honeſt *Rogues* that were come to *Town*, and thou haſt ſent for four *Furies*, I think.

Tim. I did it only, *Sir*, to give you a ſmall *ſample* of *the ſtate of nature*. They muſt have a bruſh I ſuppoſe, *Sir*, before they go to breakfaſt.

Phi. I pray, *Tim*, do ſo much as part them; and let's go on ſoftly and ſoberly, and then ſee that will follow.

Tim. I can exactly tell you, *Sir*, what will follow, *viz.* If *humane nature*, upon *firſt view*, *pricks* up its *ears*, and *ſets* up its *skut*, and falls preſently to tearing, ſlicing and ſlaſhing;

flashing; then the *battle* goes on your side: but if reason and *humane nature* directs these people to treat, and live peaceable together, then I count the day is mine.

Phi. Nay, *Tim*, the field is not so easily gained: You think of your *trophies* a little too soon.

Tim. However methinks at present I am a little apt to value my hopes: For here's nothing of *prejudice*, *education*, *custom*, *Father* or *Mother*, *League*, or *Covenant*; but only *pure terse humane nature*, newly drawn out of the *clouds*.

Phi. Let me consider a little: You say if they fall to *quarrelling* and *fighting*, when ever they first meet, then and not else it is to be judged that *humane nature* inclines *to war*; or that the *state of nature* is a *state of war*. Now I thought thou didst go on too quick: For let me tell thee, *Tim*, that that is as much false, as I am *older* than *thou* art. For *actual fighting* and destroying is not that alone which is to be termed

war:

war; For whether these *Pinyards* fight or not, so long as they have not treated and bargained, they cannot properly be said to be *sociable*.

Tim. This we have had over so often, that I am quite tired, *viz.* they cannot properly be said actually to have made *Covenants*, *Leagues*, and *Bonds*, till they have *actually* made *Covenants*, *Leagues*, and *Bonds*. Do but resolve to hold to that, and you may easily defend your self against all the *forces* in the *world*, by *sea* or by *land*.

Ph. But for all you are so brisk, *Tim*: How do you certainly know that they will not fall to breaking of *heads* and *legs*? Did you stand behind a tree and hear the *parley*? Or had you word sent you by the *Pinean* packet boat?

Tim. I need not go so far for my *Intelligence*, *Philautus*. I had it nearer home: For (to save *Journeys* and charges of *Forreign Letters*) I alwaies love to keep a little *right reason*

ſon in the houſe; with which your *Book* of *Politicks* is ſo crawlingly full; and from which alone (not from general *agreement* of the moſt *wiſe men* and *learned Nations*, or the *common conſent* of *mankind* which you there deſpiſe) you lay down for the *firſt* and *fundamental law* of *Nature*, that *peace is to be ſought, where it may be found*. Now in this ſame *little land* of *Pines*, we do ſuppoſe there grows abundance of *Peace*, if the late come *gueſts* will but ſeek for't: becauſe being never inhabited, there was never ſo much as a *cut finger dropt* upon't.

Phi. Now I have catch'd thee bravely, *Tim.* Now I do not queſtion but to make abundance of money of thee. I do ſay indeed, that right reaſon tells us, that *the firſt and fundamental law of Nature is to ſeek peace where it may be had; and that the firſt ſpecial law of Nature derived from that fundamental one is this, that the right of all men to all things ought not to be retained, but that ſome*

certain

certain rights ought to be transferred or relinquish'd. But you must consider, *Tim*, that I establish these *laws* upon quite different *grounds* from those which are generally given by old *Moralists*. For they flatter you, and feed you with a *fiddle faddle* of mens *seeking society*, for its *own sake*; and dividing or compounding the *common right* by *natural equity and justice*. Whereas it is plainly to *me* and all *right Reasoners*, that men meerly lie upon *the lurch* for *society*, and seek it only for *pleasure* or *profit*: (or in own word, out of *mutual fear*:) and they are willing to share or divide the *common right*, not because there is any inward reason they should do so, but because it is much safer than to be engaged in *War* perpetually. Take this along with thee, *Tim*, there's *Doctrine* enough for this fortnight.

Tim. There's a little too much for once, *Sir*; and therefore I must desire you to cast it into *two parts*. You say in the first place that we have

have held for *many ages* that men ſeek *ſociety* for its *own ſake*. I pray why may we not hold it one *ſummer* more?

Phi. Why? If by *Nature* one *man* ſhould love another, that is as *man*, every man would equally love every *man*, as being equally man; and not pick here and there, according as *profit*, *honour*, or other things do direct him.

Tim. Now, upon my Conſcience, *Philautus*, you mean by a *man* only a thing ſtanding right up (like a *Heron*) with a *head* and a few *eyes* thereunto belonging: For if he chance to ſpeak or liſten, to buy or ſell, give or receive; if he be peaceful, faithful, modeſt, affable, temperate, prudent, ingenious, or be of any worth or uſe imaginable; then we ſeek after ſuch, and ſort with ſuch, not for *ſociety*, but out of *mutual fear*: So that to enter into *ſociety* for its *own ſimple ſingle ſake*, were only to enter into it for the *ſake* of a *good word*, that muſt not ſignifie any thing. For if

it

it does, it muſt not be called *ſociety*, but *plot*, *profit*, *deſign*, or the like.

Phi. And doſt thou think, *Tim*, that I will not believe my own eyes and ears, before this nothing that thou ſayeſt? Is there any better way to underſtand by what advice and upon what accompt people *meet*, and enter into *ſociety*, than by obſerving what they do when they are *met*? For ſuppoſe, *Tim*, they meet for *traffique*, is it not plain that every man minds his buſineſs, and endeavours to diſpatch what he deſign'd? If to diſcharge ſome *office*, is it not to carry on a kind of a *market friendſhip*, which has more of *jealouſie* than *true love*? And laſtly, if (for *diverſion* and *recreation* of mind) to diſcourſe; is not here viſibly at the bottom either *advantage* or *vain glory*?

Tim. This muſt needs be right: and I wonder how I came to miſtruſt it. For ſuppoſe I go to *market* to buy *corn* and *meat* for my *family*

mily: and when I come there, I only take a good view of the *butcher*, the lenth and colour of his eyebrows; and alſo an exact accompt of the ſtature and complexion of the *man* that ſtood at the ſacks mouth; and *affect* them both moſt dearly, and return home moſt vehemently in love; and next day bid my *ſervant* ſet on the pot and fill it full of *eyebrows*, *ſtature*, *complexion*, *friendſhip* and *ſociety*, and let them be very well boyl'd: I am afraid, for all my *true love*, ſome of the *Family* may chance to be hungry before next *market day*. And ſo in like manner if upon the road my *horſe* caſts a ſhoe, and thereupon I call in upon the next *Smith*: I may pretend indeed that I came only to tender him a *ſociable* viſit, to look upon his *fair countenance*, to *kiſs* him, and to be *ſweet* upon his *humanity*; but, for all that, it is five to one before we part, If I don't ſo *plot* and *fetch* things *about*, as to treat concerning *Iron*, and ſo by degrees cunningly

draw

draw him in to ſet me a *ſhoe*.

Phi. But why ſo many inſtances?

Tim. Becauſe you have two whole pages upon the ſame occaſion: and beſides I have a mind to convince my ſelf throughly that people do not enter into *ſociety* purely for its *own ſake*. And therefore I cannot but think again, If I ſhould call a *Coach*, and when I have done ſo, ſpeak to *bay* and *brown* to ſet me down at *Chairing-Croſs*: for, as for their *Maſter*, he ſhould ride along with me in the *coach*, becauſe I did intend to *love* him, and *hugg* him a whole ſhillings worth. I believe the *Coachman* may go to bed ſupperleſs for all this, and that I might have been ſooner at my journeys end, if I had gone on foot. Or laſtly ſuppoſe I ſhould be loſt upon the road at midnight, and call a man out of his *bed* only to ask him whether he be in *health*, how he *ſlept*, and how all his *family* does: and not ſay one word concerning my being ignorant

of

of the *way*; (for there's deſign) this would be *pure love* indeed, and a moſt unexceptionable argument of *tending to ſociety*. And therefore, as you well obſerve, people may prate and talk of entring into *ſociety* for its *own ſake*, and of going to *market* out of meer good will, but when you dive into the buſineſs, it is very great odds, if there be not ſome *timber* to ſell, ſome *corn* to buy, a *ſhoe* to ſet, a *queſtion* to *ask*, of ſome ſuch *politick* and *inveigling trick*.

Phi. I am very glad, *Tim*, to hear thee give ſuch apt inſtances: it is a ſign that thou beginneth to underſtand my *Doctrine*, and to be ſatisfied therewith.

Phi. O, *Sir*, I am ſo wonderfully *ſatisfied*, that I am even ready to ſplit again with *ſatisfaction*. For now I plainly perceive what it is which *juſtly* and *morally* ought to be called *ſeeking ſociety for it ſelf*; to wit, if the *Inhabitants* of every *Town*, once or twice in a *week*, inſtead of

going to *Church*, or *Market*, without either *Bell* or *Trumpet*, would *naturally meet* together, and like a company of *Turkies* get ſide-long upon a *pole*, and ſometimes plume and gently chaſe one another, and now and then put about a true *love jogg* to the whole company: or like a *brood of ducklings* for *mutual conſolation ſake* get cloſe into a corner with head under wing, and make not the leaſt noiſe, for fear of waking *Original ſin*, and the *quarrelſome ſtate of Nature*; This poſſibly might paſs for *unfeigned friendſhip*, and *ſociety without deſign*. But if men do either give or receive, counſel or take advice, diſcourſe or jeſt, if they ſpeak but the leaſt word, then preſently a reaſon is to be tickled up, that this was not *ſociety*, but *plot* and *deſign*. Nay, If a man does but look earneſtly upon another, and ask, *what's a clock*, it ſpoyls the whole *integrity* and *ſincerity* of the buſineſs, and can be nothing leſs than a very *fetch* and *ſtratagem*,

if

if it be at all conſidered of by one that knows the world.

Phi. I perceive, *Tim*, that thou haſt profited but very little, by the late inſtances I gave thee, of *peoples* entring into *ſociety* meerly upon deſign. How ever ſurely thou canſt not deny that there's great *ſafety* and *convenience* in ſeeking of *peace*: and many a miſchief there would be if it ſhould be neglected. And therefore, why ought not I, foreſeeing thoſe miſchiefs, be ſaid to endeavour to avoid them only out of *fear*, and thereupon chooſe *ſociety* as the *ſafeſt condition*?

Tim. I'le give you free leave, *Philautus*, to ſay that *peace* is better than *war*, in *Engliſh*, *Latin*, or any other *Language*, upon that very accompt your ſelf mention; but I would not have you ſay that that's the only or chief reaſon. For there's great difference, *Philautus*, in ſaying that I do this or that, meerly and only becauſe I am *afraid* of a *bloody noſe*, or *broken ſhins*: and

in ſaying that I do it for a better reaſon; and that a *leg* or an *arm* may chance to go off, if I neglect to do it.

Phi. Upon better reaſon, doſt thou ſay? what, can a man ſpend his time better than to *ſuſpect*, *take heed*, be *watchful* and *afraid*? and doſt thou think that thou canſt ever find out any other reaſon to make the *four men* of *Pines* compound, beſides *fear*?

Tim. Yes, I have one worth ten of that, (which I ſhall give you by and by:) and moreover not only ſhew you that in all *juſtice* and *equity* they ought to compound, but alſo what terms they ought to offer towards an *accommodation*.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, which will certainly beat, the *French* or *Dutch*? which ſinks the firſt *ſhip*, and where will the *wind* be upon the *fifteenth of May*? poor creature! that thou ſhould thus cut out work for thy own diſparagement, and engage before-hand to be ſilly! and yet becauſe it ſhall never be

ſaid

ſaid, that *Tim* wanted means of growing wiſer, I care not much If I fling away one *demonſtration* more upon thee, to prevent if poſſibly, this great plot thou haſt laid to diſcredit thy ſelf; whereby it will experimentally appear, that men at firſt were not only in a *ſtate of war*; & did as it were lay down their weapons, and combine out of *meer fear*: but that the *ſtate of war* really is not yet ended, nor ever will be. For that *every man is ſtill to this very day afraid of every man*; and (now obſerve me *Tim*,) that this is a *natural taint* and *infection* that runs through the whole *humane blood*: and is ſo deeply ſeated therein, that it will never be utterly waſh'd out till *Doomesday*.

Tim. Always provided, that you had excepted your ſervant *Timothy* from being afraid of every body. For as fierce as you look, *Sir*, he is not in the leaſt *afraid* of you.

Phi. What? I hope (whilſt I am endeavouring to *cure* thee of thy

errors) thou doſt not intend to *huff*, *quarrel* and *challenge* me. I don't much like the very *phraſes* that belong to *fighting*.

Tim. I intended no affront at all to you, *Sir*, for there's abundance more that I am not afraid of.

Phi. Then upon my word, it is for want of *judgement* and *common obſervation*. I confeſs now and then, *Tim*, I have met ſome raſh *inconſiderate youngſters* (like thy ſelf) who would try to be of thy *opinion*, and pertly to *contradict* me would *gainſay* themſelves. And to ſuch I uſe to ſay thus. "What mean you *Gentle-*
"*men* to approve of that in your
"diſcourſes, which your actions per-
"fectly diſavow? Do you not ſee
"all *countries*, though they be at
"*peace* with their neighbours, yet
"guarding their frontiers with
"*armed men*, their *Towns* with
"walls and ports, and keeping con-
"ſtant watches? do you not ſee even
"in *well governed States*, where there
"are *Laws* and *puniſhments* appoint-
"ted

„ted for *offenders*, yet particular
" men travel not without their *ſword*
" by their ſides for their defences,
" neither ſleep they without ſhut-
" ting not only their doors againſt
" their *fellow ſubjects*, but alſo their
" Trunks and Coffers againſt *do-*
" *meſticks*? Can men give a clearer
" teſtimony of the *fear* and *diſtruſt*
" they have each of other, and all
" of all; and that the firſt ſtop that
" was put to the *ſtate of war*, was
" upon the accompt of *fear*, and
" that it is not yet quite ended?
" and therefore are you not aſham'd
" to *fight* againſt your ſelves, that you
" may quarrel me? Thus I uſe to
ſchool over ſuch ſmall *objectors*,
and little *obſervers* of *humane af-*
fairs,

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, how did they uſe to take ſuch a *demonſtration*? and what did they uſe to ſay again?

Phi. E'en as much as thou art able to ſay now. What doſt think all people in the world are as malepert as thy ſelf, and talk a-

gain, when there is nothing to be ſaid?

Tim. However, *Philautus*, If I had been there, rather then my tongue ſhould have catched cold, I'd have ſaid over the *Alphabet*, or ſomewhat or other; if it had been only this. *viz.* We ſee indeed Caſtles, Walls, Draw-bridges, Guards, Guns, Swords, Doors, Locks, and the like. But ſurely it is not abſolutely neceſſary to ſay that all this care is taken and theſe defences made, becauſe *Humane Nature* at firſt was, and in general ſtill is a *Whore*, a *Bitch*, a *Drab*, a *Cut-purſe*, &c. But becauſe there be *Dogs*, *Foxes*, *Hogs*, *Children*, *Fools*, *Madmen*, *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Pyrats* aud *Philautians*. And upon that accompt (conſidering the wickedneſs of the *world*) it is a moſt dangerous and frightful thing to leave the *Dairy-door* open; for who knows, but on a ſuddain the Sow, having ſome ſmall ſcruples about *meum* and *tuum*, may ruſh in with her train of little

little thoughts, and *invading* the *Milk-bowls* ſhould rejoyce in the confuſion? And in like manner I am almoſt throughly convinced, that if I have a *Diamond* of conſiderable value, it is not the ſafeſt way to fling it into the *ſhoe-hole*, or to lay it in the *window* amongſt the *Bay-leaves*: becauſe perhaps the *waggiſh Rats*, to make me ſpend candle, may carry it away, and hide it up in the *cock-loft*; or a *child* may have a mind to try whether it will ſink or ſwim, or may ſwallow it inſtead of a new faſhioned Sugar-plumb; or laſtly, becauſe I may chance to have a *ſervant*, who being not *well dried* of the *ſtate of nature*, may make uſe of the *members of his body* to remove it from the place where I laid it. And I muſt needs tell you, *Philautus*, if a *friend* or ſo ſhould intend me a viſit, who, I was ſure, did really believe no good or evil before the *Statutes* of the *Kingdom*, I ſhould count my ſelf in all prudence oblig'd, to ſet a very ſtrong lock upon

on my *muſtard pot.* But to go on, *Philautus*, you obſerve beſides from Conſtables and Watches, that *man* is a moſt *dreadful creature:* but before you be very ſure of that concluſion, I would have you call to mind, that there be ſuch things in the world as *madmen*, who may get from their fetters, and fall to *firing* of *houſes:* and there be ſuch things as *Quakers* and *fifth Monarchy-men*, whoſe religious frenzy may diſturb the peace: and there be alſo ſuch things which in the morning were true *lawful men*, who by night with *intemperance* have loſt that *priviledge:* and theſe for a time may be as troubleſome in the ſtreets, as a *wild boar* or *Ox:* and laſtly there may be here and there ſome beſides, call'd *Pilferers*, and *Thieves*, who count it a piece of dull pedantry to live by any *ſet form* and *profeſſion*, or to be guided by any *reaſon*, or to ſtand to any *Laws:* and for you to conclude from hence, that *Humane Nature* in general is a *ſhirking, rooking*

rooking, *pilfering*, *padding nature*, is as extravagant, as to ſay that the chief of *mankind* are perfectly diſtracted, and that the true *ſtate* of *nature* is a ſtate of *perpetual drunkenneſs*. And what if moſt *Nations* have Guards, and Caſtles, and be upon defence? You muſt not infer that all men are *Rogues*, becauſe *Alexander* had a mind to try an experiment, and to ſee how much miſchief he could do in his whole life-time: or becauſe the *Cæſars* ſpoiled many *Kingdoms*, and brought them into ſlavery, for the excellent jeſt of *pure Latin*, and *Roman liberty*: or becauſe the *Turk* gave two pence for a *Pigeon* to tell him from above that *all the earth was his*. You know, *Philautus*, our own *Nation* never wanted *Horſes*, *Ships*, *Men*, and *valour* to have trampled down many of its *Neighbours*: but ſuch have been the *equity* and *generoſity* of our *Kings* as (unleſs highly provoked) to ſtay at *home*.

Phi..

Phi. You never found that I asserted that all the *people* in the *world* are shirks and raskals: But I may confidently assert that there be *some*; and seeing that we do not *know* them, and cannot *distinguish* them from the good, *there's a necessity* (as I tell you in my *Epistle*) *of suspecting, heeding, anticipating, subjugating and self-defending.*

Tim. I pray do so much as understand me, *Philautus*; I am not against your putting all those *words* and forty more into practice. Ride with eight *suspecting pistols*, and half a dozen *heeding swords*: Let a file of *anticipating Musquetteers* walk constantly before you, and as many *subjugating ones* behind; plant a *defending blunderbuss* upon the top of your stairs; put on a *head-piece* instead of a *quilted-cap*, and sleep in perfect armour: or if this be not sufficient, beg leave of his *Majesty* that you may have a *bed* set up in the *Exchequer*, or surrender your self *every night* to the *Lieutenant* of the

the *Tower*, and let him be extraordinarily obliged, that you awake in *ſafety* next morning. In ſhort, take as much care of your ſelf, as you think moſt juſt, (for you know your worth beſt;) but from your own *diſtruſt* and *fear*, I do earneſtly deſire that you would not determine any thing concerning the general *diſpoſition* and *temper* of *humane nature*; and that if a *mouſe* comes to lick the ſave-all, you would not alarm the whole *Chriſtian world*, and cry out that the *Turk* is landed. This I ſay is all that I deſire of you; for when you tell us that there be *Thieves*, and that we don't know them, and if we did, we do not know what day we may meet them, this was very well and very fully underſtood by every *Carrier* and *Drover* many years before you writ your *Politicks*: And now ſince you have ſuch an excellent gift of making things plain, be pleaſed to exerciſe a little upon *t'other reaſon*, why men that are in the *ſtate of nature* do

chooſe

chooſe to enter into *ſociety*. For, as for people compounding out of *fear*, or not ſeeking *ſociety* for its *own ſake*, I now fully underſtand. As I remember you ſeemed to ſay further, that *ſociety* was a thing meerly by chance, becauſe that no man in the *ſtate* of *nature* could have any *right* or *pretence* to any part of this *world*.

Phi. I ſcorn to be one of thoſe that *ſeem* only to ſay things: if there be any doubt, I ſay nothing; if there be none, then I *ſpeak*, *declare* and *publiſh*. And therefore I do now make it known, that no man whilſt he is in the *ſtate* of *nature* has *right* or *title* to ſo much as one foot of *Land* or *ſpire* of *graſs*. And now my mouth is open, I do declare further, that whereas a company of *Metaphiſical Term-drivers* do love to talk of *intrinſecal* and *eſſential right* and *wrong*, *good* and *evil*, and the like; they are every one utterly beſotted, there being no ſuch thing at all, but what the *Magiſtrate* pleaſes ſo to appoint.

Tim.

Tim. As for the latter part of your *declaration*, I ſhall not meddle with it as yet; but of the former I am obliged to take preſent notice: Wherein you ſay, that by *nature* no man has any *right* to any *part* of this *world*; which if true, then our *four natural Gallants* have perfectly loſt their Journey, and muſt forthwith entreat the *Sun*, to draw them back again; there being no living here, unleſs they might take and enjoy what they find.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, what *figure* is this *objection* in? Thou talkeſt juſt as if thou cameſt reeking hot from *Barbara*——I muſt therefore teach thee that theſe *people* that came lately down, are very welcome, and may live very happily; if they endeavour, and *agree* ſo to live: But till they have *agreed* and *bargained*, not any one of them can poſſibly claim any peculiar right or intereſt in the very leaſt ſpot of the whole *Iſland*.

Tim. Your *inſtructions*, *Sir*, I thank

thank you begin now to enter; becauſe *Jonas Moor* is not as yet come to divide, and ſet out the *ground*, and to call this piece *ſtarve-crow*, and t'other *long acre*; and becauſe the *white poſts* or *blew balls* are not as yet up at *Roger's door*; and that *Dick* has not determined what *livery* to give, and what *coat* of *arms* to ſet upon his *ſheeps* backs; and becauſe there are no hedges, ditches, or walls to keep aſunder the *Inhabitants* cattle: Therefore ſay you, none of theſe have any reaſon to demand the leaſt right to any part of the whole *Iſland*. You know, *Sir*, a man may have a *right* to a *fourth*, *eighth*, or any other part of a *ſhip*, though he be not able to ſay, this *rope* is *mine*; and t'other is my *neighbours*: And a hundred ſeveral men may have a *common*, and yet certain right to a piece of ground, and yet never a one of them can ſet forth that his ſhare lies juſt at the *gate*, and another man's next the *water ſide*.

Phi.

Phi. This is ſaid ſo like one not capable of improvement, that I am aſham'd to be ſeen in thy *company*: For when thou talkeſt of *common rights*, I am confident thou meaneſt ſuch *grounds* as are called *Commons* (where the *Town* herd and *Town* geeſe go) which are held by as much *bargain*, and *Covenant* as thou holdeſt thy *hat* or *coat* by.

Tim. To be juſt, and honeſt, *Philautus*, I did mean ſo, I profeſs: And I ſaid it on purpoſe to ſee how angry you would be at one of your own ſort of *tricks*, when put upon you by another.

Phi. I do abominate all ſuch *tricks*, and thoſe that deviſed them. If you'l *hear ſence*, then *attend*: When I ſay that no man by nature can have any *eſtate* or *right*; I don't only underſtand thereby, that *Roger* is not as yet fixed in the *Eaſt*, nor the reſt in their particular *quarters*; but till they have *bargained*, they can make no *claim* to any part or *proportion* whatever, either in *equity*,

right, *law* or *juſtice*. Surely thou canſt not be ſo ignorant, but one of thoſe words will fall to thy ſhare to underſtand.

Tim. I thank you, *Sir*, that you were ſo generous, as to give me ſuch choice: For now I underſtand you as fully, as if you had blown up your meaning into my head with a *quill*. For as much as *Roger* forgot to bring his black box of *Evidences*, and *transferred rights* along with him; and thereupon has not been able as yet to obtain a *Decree* in *Chancery*, or a *Verdict* at *Common law* for his ſhare; therefore *Roger* has none, nor in *reaſon* is likely to have any. What, would you have had him to have tied up twelve *Judges* in a corner of his *handkerchief*, and brought down *Weſtminſter Hall* in his *trouzes*?

Phi. I ſhall not now be ſo idle as to ſay what I'd have him to have done: But I'll tell thee, *Tim*, what I would have ſuch a *child* as thou art to do, (unleſs thou art very eager of continuing a *fool*) namely;

ask

ask thy ſelf, or that ſame thing within thee, which *ſilly people* have got a cuſtom of calling *Conſcience*, whether thou now haſt, or ever hadſt any thing in thy whole life, or right to any thing but by *Covenant*, *contract* and *law*.

Tim. I ſhall do it, *Sir*, immediately. Here, where art thou (as they call thee) *Conſcience*? Come forth and let *Tim* (according to *Philautus*'s advice) ask thee a queſtion. How cameſt thou by thoſe *ſhoes?* By what *means* and upon what *deſign* didſt thou *acquire* a *right* and *propriety* in them, and *dominion* over them? Did thy *feet bud*, and *bring forth ſhoes*? Don't *cogg* now and *ſhuffle*, but *ſpeak plain*, for very much depends hereupon. *Conſc.* Truly, *Tim*, having looked a little into the *World*, and *Ancient Writers*, and *obſerving* that ſome *ſtones* were very *hard*, ſome very *ſharp*, and others very *dirty*, for *fear* I ſhould *bruiſe*, *cut* or *offend* the *lower part* of the *man* called the *feet*; I thought fit

to *treat* with a *Shoemaker*; and after ſome *parly* and *overtures* we come at laſt to *cloſe covenant*: And, as I was ſaying before, for *fear* of catching cold I took the *ſhoes*, and for *fear* he ſhould never ſee me again, he took my money.

Phi. And thus thou wouldſt find it, *Tim*, if thou wouldſt examine thy ſelf from *top* to *toe*. *Viz.* That every thing thou haſt, or ever hadſt, is all upon ſome immediate or foregoing *compact*: Neither is there any natural way of diſtinguiſhing between *meum* and *tuum*, but only by ſuch means as I have laid down.

Tim. Truly, *Philautus*, I am very nigh of your opinion: *Viz*, That it would be a very hard matter for the moſt cunning and experienced *Midwife* to diſtinguiſh exactly between a *child* that is born *Lord of a Mannour*, and a *Tenant*. Unleſs ſuch as the firſt were born with the *Court-rolls* in their *mouth*, or had all *ſtars* in their *forehead*; and the latter had ill *ſhorn manes* and *cropt ears*. You have

have been ſeveral times, *Philautus*, *angry*, ſince we began to diſcourſe; it is time, I think, for me to be ſo now.

Phi. With whom?

Tim. E'en with your own *Political ſelf*, as old as you are: For you go and appoint a company of *people* to come, I know not whence; and to bring with them nothing but their *pure perſonalities*; and to arrive at a *place*, where's not the leaſt *Cuſtom*, *Law*, or *Statute*: And then in your *diſcourſe* you fetch all your *Arguments* from want of ſuch *Cuſtoms*, *Laws* and *Statutes*. That is, I'le ſuppoſe an *Iſland* where there's not ſo much as one *dogg*: And then I'l determine, that *jus* ſhall ſignifie nothing in the world but a *dogg*; and then I will conclude againſt all *mankind*, that if *Roger* comes thither, he ſhall not have a bit of right: *i. e.* he will find never a *dogg*. If you ſuppoſe, *Philautus*, ſuppoſe one thing with another, *viz*, that which is poſſible: As for your *ſtate* of *nature*

(though it be ſufficiently extravagant) yet I was reſolved to keep you company; and to be either for *muſhrooms*, or *bubbles*, or *bladders*, or *teeth*, or *cherry-ſtones*, or any thing that could be deviſed. But when you determine with your ſelf that there ſhall be no *Acts* of *Parliament*, and yet all the while reaſon ſo, as if there were ſuch, I muſt confeſs that I muſt then leave you.

Phi. Now I have no mind at all to part with thee: but to put my ſelf into ſuch an odd kind of diſpleaſure, as to ſuffer thee to talk on without pity; only to ſee how far thou wouldeſt abuſe thy ſelf, if thou hadſt but thy full ſwing. And therefore I do ſay again, that where there is no *Law*, there can be no *right*. Now, it is five to one, if thou doſt not prate preſently: do ſo, thy whole gut full. Perhaps this may bring thee into ſome moderation, and better reſpect of thoſe that are aged.

Tim. Truly under favour, *Sir*,

I am thinking thus——

Phi. Nay, for thinking, think till thy heart ſtrings crack: but that won't ſatisfie thee, for thou muſt prate I know.

Tim. Yes, *Sir*: Suppoſe a man pays down five thouſand pounds for an *Eſtate*; and accordingly receives *writings* before ſufficient *witneſſes*: And it happens that the following night his *writings* are all burnt and his *witneſſes* all die. What *Law* now has he for his money, ? His *conveyances* are gone towards the Moon, and his *witneſſes* t'other way.

Phi. Thou doſt not underſtand, that he of whom the *Eſtate* was purchaſed, may be brought upon his oath: There's *law*, *Tim*, that thou didſt not think of.

Tim. But I'le have that *man* the ſame night to die alſo; and his *Heir* ſhall be five hundred miles off, when the bargain was made. This is much eaſier to ſuppoſe, *Philautus*, than to make *men* out of *bladders*. Now here's no *Law* in the caſe, for the

Purchaſer; but he has much *right* and *reaſon* on his ſide.

Phi. This 'tis to talk of *Law* and not underſtand it: I ſay there's no reaſon at all that he ſhould ever have, or enjoy the leaſt part of the *Eſtate*. For if this were allowed, whenever a man wanted a good *houſe*, and *gardens*, it were but ſaying that his *witneſſes* are dead, and his *writings* loſt, and he might e'en pick his ſeat wherever he pleaſed.

Tim. I grant you, it is not *reaſonable*, *i. e.* it is not *convenient* that there ſhould be room made for ſuch pretences: But the man notwithſtanding hath never the leſs *right* to the *Eſtate*: which conſiſted in the *bargain* and true performance of *Covenants*; not in the Parchments, wax and witneſſes, which are requiſite only by reaſon of death, miſtakes, forgetfulneſs, ambiguity of words, knavery, and the like.

Phi. And art thou now ſo very ſilly as to dream that any of this is againſt me?

me? For thou haſt given an inſtance of *right* in a *Common-wealth*; where there's *bargaining* and *Law*: And our buſineſs lies all this while about the *ſtate* of *Nature*, where there's neither one nor t'other. But indeed how can any thing leſs impertinent be poſſibly expected from ſuch who having only gone through a courſe of the *Prædicaments* ——

Tim. And *run over your race of the Paſſions*: I pray don't forget that.

Phi. Who, I ſay, having ſaved together a few *Academical ſhreds*, and pedantically ſtarched up a few diſtinctions and trifles got from the *Schools*, ſhall prate and ſwagger, as if they were very well acquainted with both the *Poles*, and every thing that lies between them.

Tim. And as if they could *ſquare the Circle*, as well as your ſelf: Let that come in I beſeech you. It was moſt *pedantically* done of the *Univerſity Doctor*; that when you had ſo painfully *ſquared* it for the general good

good of *mankind*, he ſhould ſpightfully go and *unſquare* it again. But hold, *Sir*, we forget our ſelves: For we are in a *ſtate* of *nature* or *war*, and we fall to complementing, as if the peace were concluded: And therefore I ſhall return to my inſtance concerning *Right* and *Law*. Which, now I tell you, *Philautus*, I gave not, intending therein any great ſtore of *proof*, (much leſs any *demonſtration*, as you uſe to do) but I did it only to ſupple and ſoften you into a little leſs difficulty of diſtinguiſhing between that which is *right* and *reaſonable*, and that which is according to the *Laws* of the *Realm*.

Phi. What, doſt talk of ſuppling of me, *Tim*? I prethee go home and put thy head into a *pipkin*, and there ſtew it, till thou getteſt more wit. What, doſt think, becauſe I look upon my *body* as a good *conſiderable* thing, that therefore I am ſo great a *Coward* as to ſubmit to *nonſence*, and comply with *impoſſibilities*; and to be miſtaken only becauſe it is the general

general fashion? I shall not do so, indeed *Tim*: supple and soften as long as you will. And therefore to ruine all your hopes at once, I do say that those *four men* that we have supposed in the *state* of *Nature*, have not the least *right* to any part of the Island; not only because their share or portion is not as yet bounded and marked out, or because they cannot require any part by *Humane Law*: but besides, because *Nature* has given to every one of them an absolute, compleat, total right to every thing that's there to be found.

Tim. What has *Nature* given to *Dick*; suppose, a right to the whole *Kingdom*: with all the profits, priviledges, perquisites, and appurtenances?

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, climb up some high Steeple or Tower, and wonder there. I have other business to do than to stay only to see thee stare at *sunshine truths* and *demonstrations*. What I have said, I have weighed, which young toys, as

as thou art, never do.

Tim. Then truly *Dick* has reaſon to ſpeak very laudably of *Nature*; for he's in a very fine thriving condition. I'le have the *Rogue* add a pair of horſes more to his *coach*, and to keep two *foot-boys*, one for *ſack* and another for *claret*; in *Liveries* anſwerable to the *colour* of their duties. I am reſolved he ſhall never ſit but in a *box*, drink nothing but *flaskes*, eat nothing that has an *Engliſh* name, and wipe his mouth only with *Indian Almanacks*. But how ſhall poor *Roger* make ſhift to live? He muſt e'en try to earn his penny with lighting home *Norfolk Attourneyes Clerks*.

Phi. Thou art ſo infinitely uncapable, *Tim*, that one had as good pick up old rags for paper, as labour to make thee underſtand. For if thou hadſt any brains thou mighteſt know, that *Nature* has given to *Roger* all, notwithſtanding *Dick*'s grant.

Tim. Say you ſo? Then riſe up *Roger*,

Roger, and tumble down *Dick*.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, away preſently, and according as I gave order, ſet on thy head; for it will never make ſhift to do, as it now lies. Who, except *Tim*, but would eaſily have apprehended, how that *Roger* might have a *right* to it all, notwithſtanding *Dick* to all of it had a *right*?

Tim. Oh the wonderful works of a *black pudden* with *anchovie ſauce*! This 'tis to have joyned *Logick* with *Mathematicks*! For take one for cunning, and t'other for ſoundneſs, and betwixt them both, they'l make up ſuch a *title*, as would have puzled old *Prin* himſelf to have found out a pattern of it. But what becomes of *Tumbler* and *Towſer* all this while? The world certainly is very low with them: For if *Dick* has got All, and *Roger* has got the ſame All, over, beſides, and notwithſtanding; the *Devil* is of it, if between them both they don't keep out t'other two.

Phi. I am quite tired with calling thee

thee fool, though I perceive the occaſion increaſes very much. I don't ſay that *Dick* and *Roger* have got it all; but I ſay they have got a *right* to get it all, and ſo have the reſt.

Tim. And may *Dick* or any other of them, in *right* and reaſon, get it all if they can?

Phi. I prethee ſtep to the gate, and ask the *Porter* that. Muſt I ſpend my ſelf to tell thee again, that we are in the *ſtate* of *Nature*; in which, whatever a man has a mind to do, and can do, he may do?

Tim. Why ſo? What, becauſe *may* and *can* are of the ſame Mode and Tenſe, or that *poſſum* is *Latin* for them both?

Phi. No; thou perverſe trifler; that's not the reaſon: But becauſe in the *ſtate* of *Nature*, there's no difference at all between *May* and *Can*.

Tim. That is; becauſe *Roger* has a *vocal inſtrument* between his chin and his noſe, called a *mouth*, and being not muzled, gagg'd or cop'd; but having a free *power*, *faculty* or

May

May to open it, and order it as he think fit; therefore he *May* ſtretch it out as wide as he pleaſe, and ſwear quite croſs the *Iſland*, that he'l have the whole, or at leaſt half: And becauſe he has other *inſtruments* called *hands*, which have an ability of holding and directing a *knife*; therefore again he *May* make uſe thereof to cut the throats of all his *Countreymen*. And when he has done this; if he be not tired, and his hands do not much ſhake, he *May* alſo cut his own.

Phi. Surely I ought not to forgive my ſelf this month for being within the noiſe of ſuch childiſh talk. My reaſon that *Roger*, whileſt in the *ſtate* of *Nature*, may do any thing (except hurting himſelf) or require any thing, was becauſe he cannot be *injurious* or *unjuſt* to any man: *Injury or injuſtice being the breach of ſome humane Laws, ſuch as in the ſtate of Nature there be none.* Do ſo much, as to go to thy *Dictionary*, *Tim*, and ſee if *injuria* and *injuſtitia*

juſtitia be not deriv'd of *jus*.

Tim. I perceive we have wheel'd about to *Weſtminſter Hall* again: notwithſtanding you promiſed not to come there any more. And indeed I ſee now, *Philautus*, 'tis in vain to expect any better reaſon from you, why *Roger* may get and poſſeſs what he liſt: by reaſon what you ſaid juſt before, *viz.* that, that only was *injuſtice* which was the breach of ſome *humane law*, is in your own *Annotations* upon the tenth *Article* of your firſt *Chapter*. So that we ſee whereabouts we ſtill are: the *Parliament* is not as yet met, or at leaſt have not as yet made any *Laws*, and wee'l call nothing *unjuſt*, but what ſhall be done againſt ſomewhat that they afterward ſhall eſtabliſh: and ſo we are come again into the old ſtory of the *dog*: and no further are we likely to proceed, unleſs we change *injury* and *injuſtice* for ſome other *words*. And therefore let's try, *Philautus*, if *Roger* may not do that which

which is *hurtful* or *miſchievous*, or that which is *unreaſonable*. As ſuppoſe, when all the reſt are aſleep, he ſhould contrive ſome way to pluck out all their *eyes*, and to ſuck them inſtead of *raw eggs*. 'Tis very ingenious, and not the leaſt miſchief or hurt at all: for the *Parliament* have not as yet declar'd that blindneſs is any inconvenience; nor that ſuch as ſhould occaſion it in others, ought to be puniſh'd.

Phi. Thou thinkeſt now that thou talkeſt wiſely: and 'tis as like a *Woodcock* as can be. For if *Roger*'s ſtomach require it, or he thinks that it does, *Roger* may certainly do it.

Tim. Yes, yes: He may do it ſeveral wayes, either with a *Steletto*, or a *Penknife*, or a pair of *Pinters*, or many other ways. And ſo he may contrive to lop off a *leg* of each of them: and when the *Parliament* meet, if they find it unjuſt, they may vote it on again. But becauſe

we may take occaſion to talk a little the more of this by and by, wee'l go on, and ſee if theſe people may not be guilty of doing or requiring that which is *unreaſonable*.

Phi. I don't at all ſee how.

Tim. That is, becauſe you are ſo buſie in weighing of *Kingdoms*, and making *remarks* upon *humane affairs*, that you don't mind your own *writings*. For if you did, you might there find that in your very *ſtate* of *Nature*, the *will* is not the only meaſure of *right*, and that therein a man may be guilty of doing of that which is *unreaſonable*.

Phi. I do not know why I ſhould ſay ſo, or any thing like it.

Tim. Why you ſaid it I know not: and I ſuppoſe it had been better for you not to have ſaid it, becauſe it contradicts much of your deſign: but thus you ſay at the beginning of the forementioned *Annotations*, *Though a man in the ſtate of Nature cannot be injurious to another, becauſe there are as yet*

no

no Humane Laws; yet in such a state he may offend God, or break the Laws of Nature: which very *Laws*, you your self call the *Laws* of *Reason.* So that you have no way to come cleaverly off, but to devise some cunning distinction between breaking a *Law* of *Reason*, and doing that which is *unreasonable.*

Phi. What dost think, *Tim*, that at these *years*, and after so much *experience*, and after so many *victories* in discourse, that I will be taught by such a *whisler* as thou art, to come off. It is sufficient at present, to the case in hand, to say that nothing can be done or demanded *unreasonably* as to the matter of *meum* and *tuum.*

Tim. You had best have a care of granting any kind of thing whatever to be *unreasonable* in the *state* of *Nature:* because you know the *Magistrate* has not as yet sealed and *stamp'd* good and evil: but let that pass now. Suppose then that they should *fight* for the *Island.* Shall we give them

a *ſecond view*, and another looſe? we had beſt not. For you know, as you teach us: that *men by Nature are all equal.* i. e. though *Roger* may chance to have huge *Legs*, yet *Dick* may have the quicker *eye*: and though *Tumbler* may have a very large *fiſt*, and a great *gripe*, yet *Towſer* may be in better breath, and have longer nails.

Phi. No: no: I prethee don't let them fight by any means; for that is ſo very fooliſh and *unreaſonable*, that it is *unreaſonable* to hear of it.

Tim. Well: imagine then that they do not fight: may not *Roger*, when they come to treat, demand more than his ſhare; as ſuppoſe (as was before hinted) he ſhould demand *half*.

Phi. So he may, if he pleaſe; and get it too: there's no *Under-Sheriff* to hinder him: neither has he ſubſcribed to any agreement, nor ſworn that he'l be content with leſs.

Tim. But he ought in *reaſon* and *equity*

equity to be content with leſs.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, with how much leſs? Thou lookeſt as if thou couldſt tell to an *inch*.

Tim. So I can. For he ought to be content juſt with a *fourth part*.

Phi. This ſurely is very pleaſant. Why ſo, *Tim*?

Tim. Becauſe you ſay that he has a right to no more.

Phi. Where and in what company did I ever ſay, that *Roger* had a right but to a *fourth part*? but that I don't care to talk of *dying*, or elſe I'd be hang'd if I ever ſaid any ſuch thing in my whole life.

Tim. You ſaid it juſt now. For you ſaid that *Roger* has a *right* to the whole *Iſland*, and *Dick* has a right to the *whole*, and *Tumbler* and *Towſer* have each of them a *right* alſo to the *whole*. And now ſhew me if there be any difference at all between four men having exactly the very ſame, ſame right to the whole, and one of them having a

right to the *fourth part*, and no more.

Phi. Piſh! *Tim*, thou talkeſt (as thou uſeſt to do) very weakly. For when I ſaid that every one of them had a *right* to *all*: I mean by *Right*——

Tim. Nay, I care not what you did mean or ever can mean by it. I'le give you leave to mean by *right* what you pleaſe. A *Dog* or a *Cat* or any thing elſe: For ſtill *Dick's Dog* will be every whit as good as *Roger's*, and *Towſer's Cat* as big as *Tumbler's*. And ſo the caſe will be the ſame.

Phi. If I may not be ſuffered, *Tim*, to make an end of my ſentence, who have *inſtructed* above theſe *threeſcore years*, I ſhall be gone.

Tim. Not ſo, I pray, *Sir*: You ſhall ſay what you pleaſe, for indeed I had like to have forgot your *age* and *privilege*.

Phi. I ſay then, that there can be no *right* to any part of this world by *Nature*. For we ſee people dwell in their *Fathers* houſes, and poſſeſs their *anceſtors* eſtates: and all by

by cuſtom and *right* of *Law*.

Tim. You ſaid all this many times before: and I ſay ſo too: and you know I told you, how I got an *intereſt* in theſe *ſhoes*; and I could tell you alſo that I got my *Gloves* by a meer *ſtratagem*, and that I hold them only by the *Laws* of the *Realm*. But we muſt not conclude, *Philautus*, becauſe moſt of the world is now ſhar'd out, and by gift, Fortune, Labour, Learning and other means gain'd and poſſeſſed; that therefore if *four men*, with *equal pretences*, ſhall fall upon a place never ſought for, nor poſſeſſed, one of theſe (if he ſo pleaſes) may in good reaſon *broil* all the reſt, to ſee what *mouths* and *faces* they'l make upon the *coals*.

Phi. This is nothing: give me in ſhort all that you have ſaid, or can ſay to prove that the forementioned people have any *right* to any part of *Pines*: and I don't at all queſtion, but that I ſhall diſcover all that thou haſt ſaid to be

very empty and *Scholaſtically* dull.

Tim. I ſay thus: the men that we ſuppoſed are true *Natural men*, the place they come to is perfectly *unpoſſeſſed*, they all arrive with *equal* pretences, and you your ſelf beſides have given them an *equal right*. And I know nothing wanting, unleſs like ſnails each of them ſhould have brought their houſes on their heads, and rid down ſtradling upon their hundred acres; which might have ſtretch'd their *thighs*, and would have ſpoiled the *ſuppoſition*. This is that which I have to ſay, which I venture only to think *reaſonable*. Now for your opinion, you have offered nothing but a company of *impoſſible things* (excepting only that *May* and *Can* is all one) ſuch as mens ſhaking *hands* at a *mile's* diſtance, treating and bargaining before they *ſpeak*, *Acts* of *Parliament* before there be any *Parliament*, and the like, and this you take your accuſtomed liberty to call *demonſtration*.

Phi.

Phi. I thought I ſhould take thee in ſome foolery or other: thou talkeſt of theſe peoples coming together, and thereupon of having equal pretences; and thou forgetteſt all this while that *poſſeſſion* and *invention* (as they call it) are pieces of meer *poſitive humane Law*, not of any *Natural right*. If thou wilt call upon me one day, I'le ſhew thee how to turn the *Books*, where thou maiſt find abundance about them.

Tim. I believe I might, and about a hundred things more, that are never the leſs equitable and *reaſonable* in themſelves, becauſe they are to be found in the *Law of Nations*, or the particular *Law* of any *Kingdom*.

Phi. What, can that be intrinſecally and in reaſon good or bad, that is made ſo by *Conſtitution* or *Canon*?

Tim. What think you, *Philautus*, of a man's *hanging* himſelf? is there any *intrinſecal Natural* evil in it?

Phi.

Phi. Evil! there's *Death* in the caſe: the chiefeſt of all *natural evils.*

Tim. So I remember you ſay (*Cap.* 1. *Art.* 7.) but there is the ſevereſt *Law* againſt him that does it, that can be deviſed; unleſs he could be fetch'd to *life*, and hang'd again. For he forfeits all his *Eſtate.* Do you hear me, *Sir*?

Phi. Yes: But I am not of ſuch a *young mans* mind, as you are: neither do I ever intend to be.

Tim. That's ſpoken like a *Philoſopher* indeed.

Phi. It is ſpoken like one, that *good manners* might oblige you, to be more attentive to. Do you think, *Tim*, that towards my *laſt dayes* (which I hope will never come) I'le alter my opinion, upon ſuch childiſh and inſignificant perſwaſions as thine? And believe that a man can have any *Natural right* or title to Land, when I ſo certainly know, that in general there's no kind whatever of *juſt* or *unjuſt*, *right*

right or *wrong*, *good* or *evil*, but what the *Magiſtrate* does *ſign* and *determine*?

Tim. Upon my word, *Philautus*, you improve very much as to daringneſs in your aſſertions. For ſeeing that we have found out already in the very *ſtate* of *Nature juſt*, and *unjuſt*, as to abſolute *dirt* and *earth*, I hope we ſhall be able with much more eaſe, to find out a little *good* and *evil*.

Phi. You muſt have better eyes, than ever I met any body had yet.

Tim. However I'le beſtow a little looking; and I hope I ſhall not loſe it altogether ſo much, as they that went to ſee the *inviſible dogg*. Eſpecially, *Philautus*, if you will but continue couragious, and when you talk of *juſtice*, not fetch about as you did before to my *Lord Chief Juſtice*, and *Juſtices* of the *Peace*, and the like.

Phi. What need you fear my giving back? when as you'l find it Printed

ted in my *Preface*, that *there are no Authentical Doctrines concerning juſt and unjuſt, right and wrong, good and evil, but what is ſo determined by the conſtituted Laws in each Realm and Government. And by thoſe, to whom the Supream has committed the interpretation of his Laws.*

Tim. When you jumble all thoſe words together, *Philautus*, viz. *juſt*, *unjuſt*, &c. I phanſie that you ſtill lie upon the old cheat. And becauſe by *Bargain*, *Indenture* or *Patent*, I hold ſuch a *Farm*, ſuch a *Coal-mine*, or ſuch and ſuch *Priviledges*; therefore I muſt ſend for a *Lawyer* to draw me up a *Conveyance* for modeſty and mercy; and get the *Broad-ſeal* to give me title to be *faithful* and *ſober*.

Phi. Thou talkeſt of *Titles* and *Conveyances*; thou wanteſt ſome body to *make over* a little underſtanding to thee. For what can be more intelligible than *juſt* and *unjuſt*? but yet becauſe my *Book* might poſſibly meet with ſuch a tool as thou

thou art, I added beſides *right* and *wrong*.

Tim. You know, *Philautus*, (as was before hinted) that that's as very a fetch, as t'other. For, becauſe of the relation that is between *jus* and *lex*, we face preſently about again to *Freehold* and *Copy-hold*, to *Meſſuages* and *Appurtenances*.

Phi. Becauſe, *Tim*, I would gladly be rid of thee; thou ſhalt put in *lawful* and *unlawful*: My ſide is ſo true, that I may give thee leave to pick thy words.

Tim. Now you are ſweet indeed: for you ſuppoſe a time, wherein there's no *Law*: And then to uſe your own words, *by firm reaſons you demonſtrate* that no *Law* can be broken during that time: and *he that does thus*, ſay you (meaning your ſelf) *is to be looked upon as a great diſpeller of clouds, and as one that ſhews the high way to peace, and that teaches to avoid the cloſe, dark and dangerous by-paths of Faction, and I know not what more.*

Phi.

Phi. What a ſlavery 'tis to do one good, that labours ſo hard againſt it!

Tim. You need not trouble your ſelf any further, *Philautus*; for you have your ſelf put in two words that will fully try the buſineſs, *viz. good* and *evil.* Each of which, ſay you, are to be determined by the *Supreme Power.*

Phi. Yes: I ſay it; and I am ſure no man is able to contradict me: For who is ſo fit to judge what is *good* or *evil*, as the *Supreme Power*? and what ſhall direct or determine his opinion but his own pleaſure?

Tim. I'le tell you what ſhall direct him——

Phi. Hold: do you know what you are going to ſay? *Rex in regno ſuo——Stat pro ratione voluntas. Supremus ſive Summus.* What *Tim*, art thou ſo utterly barren, that thou haſt neither *Divinity*, *Poetry*, nor *Grammar* within thee? Thou ſpeakeſt of a *ſupreme power*, and then talkeſt of his

his being awed and controuled by ſomewhat elſe. To have ſuch a *ſupreme power* is not worth the ſmoak of a ladle. Such a one is *ſupreme*, ſuppoſe, and he thinks ſuch a thing very good and convenient, and he muſt ſend it to the *Pope* or *Emperour*, or I know not whither, to have it touched and tried, to know whether 'twill paſs.

Tim. He need not ſend ſo far; he may conſult *common equity*, and his own *reaſon*; which will not only direct him, in determining of thoſe things that are indifferent, or in controverſie (which are the proper object of ſuch authority;) but which will acquaint him and all mankind beſides (excepting *Philautus*) that there be ſeveral things moſt firmly and undoubtedly *good* in themſelves, and will continue ſo, let all the *Supremes* in the *World* meet together to vote them down; and there be others which are ſo famouſly *bad* and *unreaſonable*, that all the *Princes* upon earth (If they ſhould conſpire) can

can never ſet them up, and give them credit.

Phi. And is not this very *pragmatical*, and ſomewhat *treaſoniſh* beſides, to go about to confine the Power of the *Supreme Magiſtrate*, who is therefore called and acknowledged ſuch, from his *undeniable* and *irreſiſtable pleaſure*? And therefore, ſay I again, he ought moſt certainly to determine all things.

Tim. So ſay I, If they be not too nimble for his *Power*, and determine themſelves before his *Supremacy* can get hold of them. And truly, *Philautus*, the *Magiſtrate* has no reaſon at all to be angry, or to think himſelf checked & affronted; if there be ſome ſuch things that decree themſelves to be *good* and *bad*, long before *Term* begins; *viz.* in that ſame ſuppoſed *Vacation* of yours, the *ſtate of Nature*. For, when he comes to open, and give ſentence, he will not only find much work done to his hands, but he'l find beſides that hereby he'l be very much aſſiſted towards well *governing*

cerning, and towards his deciding ſuch matters as require deciding, and which do belong to his place and profeſſion to decide. But as for thoſe things we have been now ſpeaking of, he muſt not by any means go about to alter or repeal them: For, if he ſhould, it would be altogether as vain, as to call a *Council* to make two and three to be nineteen; or to iſſue out an order againſt the next *Eclipſe*, or to mount all the *Canons* at the *Tower* againſt the next *ſpring-tide* that ſhould offer to come up to *London-Bridge*.

Phi. Certainly, *Tim*, theſe ſame unalterable and irrevocable *goods* and *bads* that thou talkeſt of in the *ſtate of Nature* are very fine things. The *Magiſtrate*, thou ſayſt, did not make them; I wonder who did, whence they came, and who brought them?

Tim. They came down, *Sir*, the laſt great *rain*, we talked of a while ago; for the very ſame four men that brought word to *Pines*, that

the *Whole is equal to all its parts*; and that if four have *equal right* to the *whole*, each have a *right* to the fourth part; brought alſo abundance of *moral rules*, that is of *goods* and *bads*, reaſonables and unreaſonables.

Phi. Abundance doſt ſay? I don't think that thou haſt enough to ſtop a *hollow-tooth*. I would bruſh up my eyes moſt mightily, if thou wouldeſt but ſhew me one of thoſe rarities. But I am afraid that they are like thoſe ſame *perpetual Lamps*, that ſome *Philoſophers* ſpeak of, which have got a trick of going out always when people go to ſee them.

Tim. What think you of *drunkenneſs*, *Philautus*? is it a thing altogether indifferent, till the *Magiſtrate* has given his opinion in the caſe?

Phi. Truly, *Tim*, I muſt tell you, that whilſt *Dick*, *Roger*, and the reſt continue in the *ſtate of Nature*, they may take a *cup of the creature* with more freedom and leſs inconvenience,

ence, than thou doſt imagine. For the *windows* are not as yet *glazed*, nor the *Conſtables* choſen: and if one of them having received an occaſion of being more than ordinary thoughtful, ſhould, by chance, ſet his foot not exactly in the path; here's no *breach* of *Law*, *Treſpaſs* or *Action* in the Caſe, becauſe the *Land* as yet ſtands wholly undivided.

Tim. But is it not very bad husbandry to make an hundred ſteps for that, which might have been done as well with forty?

Phi. Now, *Tim*, I adviſe thee to take leave of thy Friends; for thou haſt ſaid that, which will prove thy utter deſtruction. I do grant indeed that *intemperance* is very ſilly and unreaſonale; not becauſe it is ſo in it ſelf, but becauſe (now *Tim*, keep thy eye fixed) I ſay again, but becauſe 'tis inpolitick, and perfectly againſt my intereſt: for it makes me obnoxious to many *dangers*, and ſeveral *diſeaſes*; and beſides it deſtroys and weakens the uſe of my

reaſon, and ſo renders me unable either to defend my *eſtate* from cheats, or my *life* and *limbs* from ſuch as are quarrelſom.

Tim. Truly, *Philautus*, I did never look upon *temperance* to be altogether ſo good to kill *Rats*, as *Arſnick* and *Rayſons*; not to carry one over the *water*, as a *ſculler* or *oars*: But if there be any reaſon to be given, why it ought to be approved of before the contrary, beſides the *Magiſtrates* determination therein, then (as was before mentioned) you are not ſo great a *diſpeller of Clouds*, as you promiſed to be, when you ſaid, that *by firm reaſons you would demonſtrate that there was no good or evil till the Supreme Power had ſet it out*: and therefore at preſent I reſolve to defer ſpeaking to *ſelf intereſt*; and ſhall ſhew you another *rarity*. What think you of *faithfulneſs*, *i. e.* of keeping your promiſe, or ſtanding to your bargain? Is it not a very reaſonable thing, though there were never a

Magiſtrate

Magiſtrate in the whole World?

Phi. You talk of ſhewing me *rarities*, *Tim*; and you draw out ſome of my *fundamental wares*: for to *perform Contracts*, or to *keep truſt* is my *ſecond Law of Nature*. That is, when people are reſolved to end the *ſtate of war*, by relinquiſhing their *right* to all things, it is very requiſite that *Contracts* ſhould be ſtood to, for they direct to *peace* and *ſelf-defence*.

Tim. But is it not a *good* and *reaſonable* thing in it ſelf to *perform Contracts*, in the very *ſtate of nature*?

Phi. What time didſt thou go to bed laſt night, *Tim?* What, would you have a thing good, before there be any ſuch thing at all? You ask whether it be not good to ſtand to *Contracts*; when 'tis ſuppoſed, that there has not been ſo much as one ragg dealt for in the whole *world*.

Tim. For all that, I can conceive it very *juſt* and *reaſonable* for a man to keep his word, although he ne-

ver ſpoke as yet, nor perhaps never ſhall. For ſuppoſe there were not one drop of *Liquor* in the whole *Iſland*, that we have been talking of; yet I count it as *unreaſonable* for *Roger* to be drunk, as if he were juſt ready to ſet the great *pitcher* to his mouth, and had ſufficient matter to proceed upon. And it ſeems, I believe, to moſt men (except your ſelf, *Philautus*) a very *unnatural* and *unjuſt* thing for a *Judge* or *Arbiter* to incline to either ſide; though there never was as yet one Caſe put to *reference*, nor ſhould be theſe *thouſand years*.

Phi. Thou haſt gone on, *Tim*, in thy careleſs ſhuffling way, I know not whither: and now I muſt *daſh* thee all in pieces, and tell thee that thou talkeſt like one not at all converſant in my Writings: for if thou hadſt, thou wouldſt there have found no leſs than twenty *good* and *bad* things, all fetched from *reaſon*; ſuch as *Faithfulneſs*, *mercy*, *humility*, *temperance*, *reproach*, *ingratitude*, *&c.* which

which I call my *Laws of Nature*. But here's the pinch of the buſineſs, and that which thou didſt never attend to; theſe things I ſay are *good* and *bad*, not becauſe they are ſo inwardly in themſelves, but becauſe they either conduce to peace in general, or are for a man's own quiet and ſafety, or for his health, or profit, or recreation, or for the advantage of his Family or Relations, or are a hinderance of theſe: in ſhort, becauſe they are for, or againſt a man's *intereſt*.

Tim. This was a great *daſh* indeed, *Philautus*; and I have improved more by it, than by all that you have ſaid I know not how long: for if we be diſcourſing concerning ſome action, or diſpoſition of mind that is *good*; and if the ſame chance to prove convenient either to *King* or *Subject*, *Church* or *State*, for my ſelf or any body elſe, for *this life* or *next*: That is, if it be good for any thing that has but a name, then is it not *good* in it ſelf, but *good* upon another account; which, let

it be what it will, with a little artifice of phraſe may be ſo twiſted, as it ſhall certainly be all driven upon your common ſhore of *intereſt*. Truly, *Philautus*, I can ſcarce tell what you would have meant by things being *good in themſelves*, unleſs you would have them only to be pictured with pretty eyes, mouths and lips: or have a man get the *vertues* and hang them upon ſeveral ſtrings, or tye them to the end of ſome ſticks, and ſo ſing over his moſt excellent and dainty *Juſtice*, his curious amiable *Temperance*, his bright angelical *Mercy*, and the like. But I might have taken much leſs pains, *Philautus*, to have ſhewn againſt you, that all *good* and *evil* does not depend either upon *ſelf intereſt*, or *humane Law*; becauſe you are ſo very over kind as to acknowledge it, and confute your ſelf.

Phi. You may as well ſay, that the ſecond *Propoſition* of *Euclid* does contradict and void the firſt.

Tim. You may ſay ſo, if you pleaſe;

pleaſe; but I am reſolved I won't, when I ſee ſo much reaſon to ſay otherwiſe.

Phi. About what place, and in what *Article*, canſt thou poſſibly pick out any ſuch abſurdity?

Tim. I did ſhew you one place, you know, long ago; where you ſaid, that a man in the very *ſtate of Nature* might be guilty of breaking the *Laws* of *Nature*; which is all one, according to your ſelf, as to ſay, that a man may act againſt *reaſon*, before there be any *poſitive Laws*; and that's all that I deſire you would acknowledge: Neither do I ſuppoſe, that you did intend to excuſe your ſelf, by what you ſay a little after, *viz. If any man pretend ſomewhat to tend neceſſarily to his preſervation, which yet he himſelf doth not confidently believe ſo, he may offend againſt the Laws of Nature:* For this is a further acknowledgement of what you ſaid before; and ſhews plainly that *hypocriſie* in the very *ſtate of Nature* is an *unreaſonable* thing.

Phi.

Phi. You may fool your ſelf, *Tim*, and gape for as many *acknowledgements* as you will: but I hold and ſay that *the Laws of nature in the ſtate of nature are ſilent; provided that they be referred not to the mind, but to the actions of men.*

Tim. I remember you ſay this, in the ſecond *Article* of your fifth *Chapter.* But, if you had not forgot, what you had ſaid upon the 18. *Art.* of your 2. *Chap.* you would have granted that ſome *natural Laws* do more than meerly *buz* in the *mind*, during the very *ſtate* of *war* or *nature.*

Phi. Why, what do I ſay there?

Tim. No great matter, *Sir*; only I find there theſe words; *viz. but there are certain natural Laws whoſe Exerciſe* (I pray mind that word) *ceaſeth not even in the time of war it ſelf: For* (as you go on) *I cannot underſtand what drunkenneſs or cruelty* (*that is revenge which reſpects not the future good*) *can advance towards peace or the preſervation*

ſervation of any man.

Phi. Now what doſt thou infer from this, *Tim*? What purchaſe doſt thou intend to make?

Tim. No great purchaſe, *Sir*; only I do think that the *ſecond Propoſition* of *Euclid* does not altogether contradict the *firſt* ſo much, as theſe two places do one another.

Phi. And now thou thinkeſt, thou haſt got me ſo faſt; whereas I can come off eaſily only by ſaying, that I did not mean all the *Laws of nature*, when I ſaid that the *Laws of nature are ſilent in the ſtate of nature.*

Tim. If you pleaſe, *Sir*, you may ſo explain your ſelf: But however, if you your ſelf, *Philautus*, will beſtow upon me only *one or two Laws* that ought to be obſerved in the *ſtate of Nature*, I take it more kindly, than if any body elſe had given me *half a ſcore.*

Phi. I always found it an endleſs thing to reaſon and diſcourſe people into any ſoundneſs of mind, (eſpecially

ally as to *Morals*) who would not make any *obſervations* of their own. And therefore I prethee, *Tim*, go ſpend one quarter of an hour in the *ſtreets*, and I'le ſtay here; and obſerve well, what people are doing of; and when thou comeſt back again, I do not at all queſtion but that thou wilt fully believe what I have taught thee to be true; namely, that the world is wholly diſpoſed of, and guided by *ſelf-intereſt*.

Tim. I need not go now, *Sir*; becauſe in the *morning* as I came hither, I found it exactly ſo, as you ſay. In one place there was a man buying a *cloak*, as hard as ever he could, not in the leaſt for *me*, but for *himſelf* wholly; and the *ſeller* he claws up the money, and without ſaying one word to his *Neighbours*, pockets it all up: In another place there was a *Porter* lying cloſe upon the lurch at a *Tavern-door*, who, had he no *intereſt* to drive on there, might e'en as well have been here, upon the *walks*.

Phi.

Phi. Thou needeſt not ſpeak any more, *Tim*, for I do ſay thus much unto thee, that unleſs thou dyeſt a *fool*, thou wilt perceive that *intereſt* is the very firſt principle of Nature, and reaſon; and that men muſt *mind* themſelves if they intend to live.

Tim. Yes, *Sir*: So let them; if they do not *overmind* themſelves: and cry only *Milk*, when they ſhould cry *milk* and *water*; and ſcore up *Claret*, when it ſhould be *Cider*. People ought, *Sir*, to take care of themſelves: but I would not have them pick *blind mens pockets*, and cheat *children* of their *Bread* and *Butter*, and then admire their own *parts*, and *quickneſs* of *ſight*. *Intereſt*, *Philautus*, is a word innocent enough, but only when it croſſes *equity* and *reaſon*: which, according to you, it never can do, being the *firſt dictate* of *right reaſon*. And therefore if *righteouſneſs* or *mercy*, or any other good thing happen to be againſt this my *firſt dictate of*

right

right reaſon; I muſt deſire them to withdraw for a time: for at preſent they are very *troubleſome* and *nonſence* beſide.

Phi. And wilt thou be ſo childiſh after all theſe *inſtructions*, as not to believe that *intereſt* is, and ought to be the *firſt principle*?

Tim. It muſt needs be the *firſt*, *Sir*, for that very reaſon your ſelf give: (concerning ſeeking of peace) namely, *becauſe the reſt follow*. Which you might eaſily make ſure of, if the *Printer* did not miſplace things, and ſo diſappoint you.

Phi. I perceive *Tim*, that thou art much given to delight in *toys*, and to neglect things of *moment*. My main reaſon that *ſelf intereſt* is to be looked upon as the firſt *Principle* of *Nature* was, becauſe I found that *every man was deſirous of what was good for him, and ſhun'd what was hurtful and evil: and this he did by a certain impulſion of Nature, no leſs than that whereby a ſtone moves downward.*

Tim.

Tim. By your leave, *Philautus*, I think that this reaſon ſeems to promiſe ſomewhat *bigger* than the former, but it is not ſo *true.* For though *children* deſire, and uſe means to get all things that pleaſe them; and avoid and flie back from all things that hurt them, *even as a ſtone comes downwards:* Yet it is to be ſuppoſed that what *men* deſire or avoid, they do it not *as a ſtone comes downward*, but with *conſideration* and *reaſon:* and thereupon ought to ſubmit to *poverty* and other *inconveniences*, rather than to reproach *Humane Nature*, and be guilty of an *unreaſonable action.* And therefore a *child* that pulls hard for a *Jewel*, which coſt the *owner* perhaps much trouble, and many dangerous *Voyages*, ſhall be excuſed: but there's little reaſon that a great laſie *Lubber* that ſpends his time in the *Chimney-corner* and *Ale*, ſhould ſnatch it away, and not *cry* for't firſt.

Phi.

Phi. If he and his *family* be ready to *ſtarve*, that alters the caſe very much: for 'tis great pity that any *rational creatures* ſhould be *loſt*.

Tim. Starve, or not *ſtarve* 'tis all one for that: for 'tis a very *lawful* cordial, ſo that it be but his opinion that he wants at preſent, or may afterward want. For ſeeing that right reaſon tells him that *life* is to be *preſerved*: it tells him alſo (as you well adviſe *Ch.* 1. *Art.* 8.) that *he muſt uſe the means to preſerve it*: and ſeeing that no man can know when another is *ſufficiently alive*, ſo well as he himſelf, therefore (as you adviſe further, *Art.* 9.) *he is to judge what is requiſite and convenient for that purpoſe.* And therefore ſays the *ſelf preſerver*, "There's a company of people "who, when I was out of the way, "have gone and *divided* the *world* "without asking my leave, or ta- "king my counſel, or *conſent*: I am "ſure there's no fault to be found "with *Nature*: for ſhe was alwayes "very

" very careful, and intended eve-
" ry man a ſufficient ſhare. And
" therefore if they'l begin once
" more, and *divide* all over again,
" and conſider all mens *deſerts*,
" *ſtrength* and *Conſtitution*, well and
" good: But otherwiſe I ſee no
" reaſon to ſtand to this *blind bar-*
" *gain* they made in my abſence.
" For I find that my *ſtomach* is very
" cold, and *Nature* that is famous
" for *doing nothing that is Idle*, oft-
" time calls for a glaſs of *Wine*, and
" (with ſhame to theſe *dividers* be
" it ſpoken) it comes not, for want
" of *money*. I find alſo that my
" *head* is much given to aking, for
" want of a lighter *Peruke*; and for
" want of a *Boy* to comb it, I had
" lately like to have loſt the uſe of
" my *Thumb*. I can't do as other
„ people; for my *fleſh* is ſo ſoft
" and gentle, that ordinary ſtock-
" ings preſently *plough* up my *Legs*:
" and if I have not a *Watch* and a
" few *Guineas* about me, I preſent-
" ly *yawn* and am as *chill* as if I

"had an *Ague*. And therefore, I "ſay, I muſt make uſe of my *parts*, "and ſome of *Reaſon's dictates* to "preſerve me from *ſorrows* and the "*Grave*.

Phi. Thou haſt now, *Tim*, talked together, more then becomes thee by *fourty years*. To all which I ſay, that I do give thee and all mankind beſides leave, to ſhew me any thing better for *Peace* and *Government* than that firſt principle of *ſelf-intereſt* which I laid down, and *diſcovered* to the *world*.

Tim. It is ſtrange ambition, when people will take upon them to be the *Author* of that of which they are not, though it be never ſo falſe and ridiculous.

Phi. Why, who did ever hold *ſelf-intereſt* to be the firſt principle of *Nature* and *Government*?

Tim. Truly, I believe not many ever held it long, becauſe it was ſo egregiouſly ſilly. But if you look no further than the 3d. page of an ordinary *School Book*, viz. *Tully's Offices*

Offices: you will there find that there was a ſort of ſmall *philoſophers* that were of your *opinion.*

Phi. What, perhaps they talked ſomewhere in their writings of *ſelf-intereſt:* but that was not the *foundation* and *firſt principle* of their *Philoſophy.*

Tim. If *ſummum bonum* be *Latin* for *foundation* or *firſt principle* (which in *morals,* I ſuppoſe it is) and that *ſuis commodis metiri* ſignifie to meaſure by *ſelf-intereſt;* then I tell you there were a ſort of *unreaſonable people* whoſe *Philoſophy* ſtood upon your very *Principle.* Concerning whom the *Oratour* juſtly ſayes, that *if they lived a life exactly anſwerable to their own opinions, and were not ſometimes overcome by good nature, they muſt be perpetual knaves.*

Phi. I don't underſtand what you and your *Oratour* mean; but this I'le ſwear, that if there be any *knavery* in my *principles,* I know not what will become of your *Bible.*

For I tried all my *Laws* of *Nature* which I deduc'd from *ſelf intereſt* by that *Book*, and I found (as I tell you *Art.* 1. *ch.* 4.) that *they are exactly the ſame, with thoſe that have been delivered from the Divine Majeſty for the Laws of his Heavenly Kingdom, by our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and his Holy Prophets and Apoſtles.*

Tim. I'le tell you, *Philautus*, how that might be eaſily done: You went to the *Bible*, ſuppoſe, and thence pick'd out a company of very *good Lawes*, and then having ordered and wreſted them to your own *deſign*; then you go again to the *Bible*, and finding that they were not flown away, you cry, See here! what ignorant people are they that ſhall go about to find fault with my *principles*; when as *Chriſt* and I hold forth the ſame *Doctrine*; as is plain by a whole Chapter full of *Scripture* which I produce?

Phi. Do not I recommend the ſame *juſtice*, *mercy*, *equity*, &c. that are recommended in the *Bible*?

Tim.

Tim. Yes: But you don't *recommend* them every *day* in the *week:* For perhaps at preſent there may be no inconvenience in being *juſt* and *righteous:* but to morrow it may be againſt my *intereſt:* and the *Caſtle-principle* muſt never be forſaken. This is ſo very plain, as it need not be inſiſted on, and beſides, it begins to be time, *Philautus*, to think of ſome *protection* for that inward *member* of the body, called the *ſtomach.*

Phi. In *that*, *Tim*, I agree with thee, but in *nothing* elſe. And I am e'en ſorry that I have ſtayed thus long: for thou haſt been ſo *perverſe* that I am afraid I have done the but little *good.* And ſo farewell.

FINIS.

A LETTER TO HIS Old dear Friend, R. L. From T. B.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

A

LETTER

TO HIS

Old-door Friend,

R. I.

From C. B.

A LETTER, &c.

SIR,

YOU had received this, and what follows, long before this time; but I was loth to trouble the World on purpoſe, upon ſo ſmall an occaſion: And therefore I rather choſe to wait the pleaſure of a *Friend*, who had promiſed me the running of two or three *Letters*, in his *Dialogue* concerning Mr. *Hobbs*. The *firſt* whereof concerns one, who was pleaſed to ſend only a ſhort friendly admonition with his name to't; who being a perſon of great worth, piety and gravity, I am very ſorry that he ſhould be ſo impoſed upon by the heats and railings of others, as to give under his

his hand no better Grounds and Arguments for his Reproof.

After him, *Sir*, comes a very ſmart *hot-ſpur*, who like a *Whiſter* at my *Lord Mayor*'s Show, runs up and down with a *ſpit-fire*; crying, Make room there for *Euclid*: bear back, and take in ten *Demonſtrations* againſt *Learning* and *Riches*: and (which is much to be wondred at) this *Gentleman*, *Sir*, with nothing but the poor helps of *Wits Commonwealth*, *Godwyn*'s *Antiquities*, *Clerk*'s *Formulæ*, *Spencer*'s *Similitudes*, or *Things new and old*, *Theatrum vitæ humanæ*, and two or three ſmaller *Books* beſides, ſuch as *A help to diſcourſe*, the *Pearl of eloquence*, *Blunt*'s *Academy of Eloquence*, proves the ſtrangeſt kind of things that ever you heard of in your whole life; and all ordered and managed according to *Euclid*. *He* and *Antoninus* together make nothing to prove, you, *dear Sir*, are no body at all: that you are a meer *fiction*, a *cheat* of *Sir Politick would be*, an *Impoſture of a*

ſick

ſick brain, a *dream*, *device*, and *carawimple*. He did but whiſtle, and call for his ſmall *Greek Diveling*, πρὸς ἑαυτὸν, and if I had not made great haſte, and pull'd you back by the Leg you had been quite gone: And ſo he had like to have ſerved the *Academick Youngſter* that made the chief of his ſpeech of *Muſes*, *Noſegays*, and his own *tenuity*. He durſt not abſolutely ſay that his name was *Nicholas Nemo*; but, which is very near unto't, he thinks it *much more probable that the Sea burns, than that there ſhould ever be ſuch ſtuff put together*. Now, *Sir*, were it not for the *Kings* and *Merchants* Ships that are now abroad, I had a great mind to have *fired* the *Sea*; and told it him in *Latin*. However look to your ſelves *Ships*, for I profeſs I cannot forbear, but I muſt try to call to mind a little of it. *Cum tenellam meam in dicendo peritiam, & corruſcantem veſtrorum oculorum fulgurationem mecum reputo, profectò Academici, inſtar* Niobes, *pallidus & tremebundus obſtupeſco:*

ſtupeſco: Et cum oratio mea nullis verborum ſtellis ornata, nullis phraſium ſyderibus illuminata, nullis eloquentiæ luminibus diſtincta, denique cùm ambroſia & nectaris ſucco penitus eſt vacua, ad ſtillicidia *veſtri favoris & benevolentiæ, & ad* Achilleam *veſtri patrocinii panopliam confugio:* And ſo much concerning *Nicholas Nemo:* But theſe are but things by the by: for this *Author*'s maſter-piece is concerning *Riches* and *Wiſdom*; both which he has ſo horribly diſcouraged, by preſſing the great duties and conveniences of being *ignorant* and *poor*, from the Hiſtory of the *Jews*, the *Grecians*, the *Romans*, both *Pagan* and *Chriſtian*, and from our *Saviour* himſelf and his Diſciples: that I am afraid that *money* it ſelf, as well as *Learning*, will go a begging; and that it will be a very hard matter ever to perſwade either *Clergy men* or others to undergo again the trouble and ſcandal of being *wiſe* or *rich*. It cannot but be expected that hereupon *Lands* muſt neceſſarily

neceſſarily fall to eight years purchaſe, *money* to fifty ſhillings *per cent.* and as for *Hiſtory*, *Philoſophy*, *Languages*, and other parts of Learning, take one with another, and they may fetch perhaps ſix-pence a buſhel, heaped as long as they'l run; and that's all. And then for running a man up in a corner, he is the moſt ſevere and perſecuting that you ever met withal. In one place of his *Preface*, he drives me up ſo very cloſe, concerning my writing my *Book*, *either to inform my ſelf, or others*, that I began to ſuſpect, *Sir*, whether I ever writ any *Letter* to you or not: but looking upon't again, I found at laſt that he only proved that I ought not to have written one. And this further I obſerve of him, that where-ever he gets any advantage, he has no more mercy than a *Tyger*. He knows, as well as I do my right hand from my left, that I do not much care for a bit of *Greek*, and yet to vex and ſpight me, and to make me tired of the world, he'l bring

bring in at a venture, I know not how much, though it be nothing at all to the purpose. If you remember, *Sir*, we have such a saying in *English*, that a man that is brought to be very *poor*, is brought *to great necessity*; and ἀνάγκη being *Greek* for *necessity*, he thought it had been *Greek* for *poverty* too; and so urging the great conveniences of *poverty*, to choak me, he gives me that *golden scrap of Pythagoras* (as he calls it,) δύναμις γὰρ ἀνάγκης ἐγγύθι ναίει. Hoping, poor Gentleman! that δύναμις had signified *vertue*, and ἀνάγκη *poverty*; and he might e'en as well have quoted that scrap of *Camden*, Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα κρατήσεις. For δύναμις there signifies *power*, and ἀνάγκη *necessity* or *fate*: which is plain by their being so rendered, and by the foregoing Verse, in which *Pythagoras* advises a man *not to quarrel or part with a friend for a small fault, but to forgive him*, ὄφρα δύνη, as *far as he was able*; δύναμις γὰρ ἀνάγκης ἐγγύθι ναίει. *For he that forgives another to the utmost*

utmoſt of his power, will very near as certainly forgive him, as if it had been ſo decreed by the fates. I think ſomewhere in the *New Teſtament* that ἀνάγκαι do ſignifie *neceſſities*, or as we ſay ſtreights: under which are comprehended not only *money-ſtreights*, but all kind of *inconveniences*, which are difficultly to be avoided: ſuch as *diſhonour*, *falſe friends*, *ſickneſs*, or the like. But as for ἀνάγκη ſignifying poverty, I phanſie it will be a very hard matter to find it, not only in *Pythagoras*, but any where elſe, except it be in ſuch a *Book* as *Lycoſthenes*. Now, *Sir*, after all this, it is all one to me what the true meaning of the word is: and I had not taken any notice of it, but only I know, as I ſaid before, he quoted it out of malice, on purpoſe to make me fret, and hang my ſelf. And ſo he does another piece of *Greek*, in what he ſays concerning *Schools*; *viz.* πᾶσα μεταβολὴ φύσει ἐκπατικόν. by which he intended *doubly* to kill me: Firſt, becauſe t'was *Greek*, and then becauſe

becauſe he tells me, *plodding Ariſtotle ſaid it; and that it was as well ſaid as if* Cartes *himſelf had ſaid it*; and thinks he, that ſame ἐνσατικὸν is a *thundering word*, and will make the *Rogue* eat his very fleſh for madneſs. And I'le tranſlate it thus; πᾶσα μεταβολὴ φύσεϊ ἐνσατικόν, *changing foundations is oftentimes of dangerous conſequence.* Being, *Sir*, (as you muſt needs think) deadly mad to hear a ſentence out of *Ariſtotle*, ſo magnificently tranſlated againſt me: I was reſolved, if poſſible, that the ſentence ſhould not be in *Ariſtotle*; or if it were, it ſhould require nothing near ſuch a glorious and dreadful *Tranſlation.* and I profeſs, to be ſhort, *Sir*, I was made happy, and had my deſign: for (as I believe) that ſentence is no where to be found in *plodding Ariſtotle*, but in *plodding Themiſtius*, a *plodding Commentator* upon *plodding Ariſtotle*: and beſides ἐνσατικὸν does not ſignifie a *calf* with *five legs*, a *colt* with *three heads*, or any ſuch frightful and monſtrous thing;

thing; but very mildly, as one can desire. For *Aristotle*, in the fourth of his Physicks, *de iis quæ in tempore fiunt*, finding fault with those that thought that time it self did alter, and corrupt things, put in these words, ἡ γὰρ κίνησις ἐξίστησι τὸ ὑπάρχον, *i. e. that motion* (not time it self) *is that which alters things, or that puts things out of that state and condition in which they are*; upon which words *Themistius* thus comments: πᾶσα μεταβολὴ φύσει σαπτικόν; that is, if an old barn or an old tree tumble down, it is not meer time that rots them, or tumbles them down; but it is σαπτικὸν that does it, *i. e.* the wind, the weather or somewhat else that makes holes in them, and puts them out of their place. Now, *Sir*, as I told you before, it is very indifferent to me what this and what t'other word signifie; only I would have had him left out the abuse, and not have told me, that *it was as well said as if* Cartes *had said it*; because it is just as well, and no better; it

being a *fundamental principle* of his Philoſophy, that *all alteration is cauſed by motion.*

And ſo let thus much at preſent ſerve for the *ſecond Anſwerer*: after whom comes the *Doomſter*, or *Fire* and *Brimſtone* it ſelf; who pulling out of his *Magazine*, four or five *Sermons* concerning the *exiſtence of a God*, the *Authority of the Scriptures*, *Providence*, *&c.* and raking together an hundred or two of *names* for me, and all the *curſes* in the *Bible*; he bundles up all this together, and in as dreadful *black*, as ever was branded upon wool-pack, he writes **Pieragonisticon**, *or an anſwer to my two Letters.* I looked, *Sir*, upon ſome few *Pages*, and I find all this comfort for my ſelf; an *Univerſal repaganizer*, *Popeling*, a *worſhipper of the beaſt*, *Loyolite*, *Jeſuited Pandor*, *Herod*, *Judas*, *Pilate*, *Antiſcripturiſt*, *Antichriſt*, *Antiprovidentialiſt*, *Atheiſt*, to whom, *Sir*, I have ſaid very little, but only told him that he was *mad*, and that I was not ſingular,

ſingular, for the reſt of the world did think ſo. Perhaps, *Sir*, you may have a mind to know how it is poſſible that a *Sermon* for *Providence* ſhould be againſt me, and how he ſhould get it in, or any thing like it. If you remember, *Sir*, ſpeaking ſomewhere in my firſt Letter concerning the great convenience of a tolerable maintenance, for the Miniſtry; it is there ſaid, that *people ſhould not be ſuffered to take away from God's Prieſts, what he had deſigned them, leſt ſome thereupon ſhould think that he ſeemed to take no care of them*: Upon which, he ſprings forth. *Say you ſo! What are you thereabouts! Nay, even off with your Maskarado, and profeſs your ſelf a right down Atheiſt, or Antiprovidentialiſt: which if you do, then (by the grace of God) I'le pull out one of my beſt Sermons concerning Providence, and ſo ſhamefully rout you, as never Heathen was routed*: and ſo away he goes, proving *Providence* as hard as ever he can.

I hear, *Sir*, of eight or ten *Answerers* more that possibly may come out this *Spring*, if it be seasonable and warm: but if they do, I shall make some interest to get my reply into *Muddiman's Letter*, or to stand at the bottom of the *Gazette*, amongst the *strayed Horses* and *Apprentices*. For you know, *Sir*, I have nothing more to say; unless it may be here convenient, *Sir*, to beg so much room in your *Letter*, as to desire those (if there be any such) who are still offended at what I said concerning *Allegories*, to read one place of *Scripture*, as well as another: and when they have read, and well weighed, what is said by S. *Luke* c. 8. v. 9. That *his Disciples did not understand the Parable of the Sower*; and not understanding, *desired the meaning*; and (as the *Learned* Dr *Hammond* notes) *Christ answered, that he did it on purpose, as a punishment to those that had had clear means and perspicuous expressions and manifestations*; *that seeing they might not see*; that is,

clear

clear means was now denied unto them, and none but parables was allowed, as a puniſhment of their former obduration againſt his means: As alſo, upon what occaſion it was that our *Saviour* ſaid, S. *Matth.* 13. 14. *And ſeeing they ſhall ſee, and not perceive, i.e.* (as the ſame *Doctor* obſerves) *being an obſtinate people they ſhall not receive ſo much profit as otherwiſe they might: things ſhall be ſo ænigmatically and darkly repreſented to them, as that they* (*having before ſhut their eyes*) *ſhall now diſcern but little*; and what follows, *v.* 15, *For this peoples heart is waxed groſs, &c. i.e.* (ſpeaking ſtill of making uſe of *Parables*) *and this is a juſt judgement of God's upon them, for their former obduration and obſtinacy; in that they would not ſee nor hear heretofore*: I ſay, when they have conſidered of theſe, and many ſuch like places of *Scripture*; and after all, they ſhall ſtill think, that they have as much reaſon to puniſh their *Auditors*, as our *Saviour* had ſome of his: Nay,

to *torture* them with *Allegories* ten times more remote from *common apprehenſions*; I have nothing to ſay to them, but only to leave them to their own way, and underſtanding.

But it is time now, *Sir* to take my leave of you, and (ſetting aſide all faſhionable concluſions) I deſire that I may do it with what *Biſhop Saunderſon* ſays in his firſt *Sermon ad Aulam*; which poſſibly may do ſome body or other more good, than any complement could ever have done you ſervice. He ſpeaking, *Sir*, of making uſe of *Rhetorical ornaments and elegancies in popular Sermons*, ſays thus; *That as ſuch things are ſometimes very allowable, uſeful and approved of by Scripture it ſelf, if it be diſcreetly and ſparingly done; and counts thoſe uncharitable, and unjuſt, that in general condemn all ſuch Rhetorical Ornaments as ſavouring of an unſanctified ſpirit: So* (ſays he) *I confeſs there may be* a *fault this way and* (*in young men eſpecially before their judgments are grown to a juſt ripeneſs*)

ripeneſs) many times there is. For (as he continues) *affectation in this as in every thing elſe is both tedious and ridiculous; and in this by ſo much more than in other things, by how much more the condition of the perſon, and the nature of the buſineſs require a ſober, ſerious, grave deportment. Thoſe Preachers therefore by a little vanity in this kind, take the readieſt way to bring both their own diſcretions into queſtion, and the Sacred word they handle into contempt, that play with words as children do with a feather.*

I have been miſtaken by ſome, but however I hope you will always think that I am,

Sir,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

T. B.

A LETTER To B. D.

THE PUBLISHER OF Mr. HERBERT'S Country Parson.

From T. B.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

A
LETTER
TO
THE
PUBLISHER
OF
Mr. HERBERT'S
Country Parson.

A LETTER, &c.

Honour'd Sir,

I Received your fifth *Paragraph* (as you call it) long ſince, wherein you tell me, that I am the *Author* of a *ſcandalous Book*: and if I had the very next day ſent you word back again, that I am not the *Author* of any ſuch *Book*; I had given you juſt as full an anſwer, as you have given reaſons that I am ſo. For that great ſervice, *Sir*, that you have done the *Church*, and are able ſtill to do it, I have a very great reſpect for you; but I do much wonder, that you would not a little defer calling any *Book ſcandalous*, till you had thought of ſome better

ter ways to make it appear ſo: or have told me what you meant by *ſcandalous*. For you know, *Sir*, the word has been taken in ſo many ſences that there has been a time when *Almond butter* has been counted *Rebellion*, *minced Pye Idolatry*, and if a little *Wine* were put thereunto, it was as ill as *Worſhiping* the *hoaſt*: and to eat *Cuſtards* with *ſpoons* as abominably *ſcandalous*, but to be ingag'd in Sack-poſſet up to the eyes, with *Ladles*, was *Chriſtian*, *Orthodox*, and *Brotherly*. Therefore when you ſay that that *Book* is *ſcandalous*, if you mean that it puts men in mind of their follies, that it abates the glory of ſome mens preaching, that ſome people now are longer making their Sermons, if you mean that ſome diſlike it, wiſh that it never had been Printed, are very angry, nay are ſtaring raving mad; I know then that it is ſo very *ſcandalous*, that there be thoſe that are lovers of themſelves and only of their own way,

way, that at a venture they wiſh the Author hang'd, a thouſand and a thouſand times over.

But if you meant any thing more by *ſcandalous*, I wiſh you had made it out. For I would not have you think, *Sir*, that you have done enough towards it, only by ſaying (as you do) that *I am puffed up, that if I had known the man that preached upon Weep not*, &c. *I ought to have cryed: That my Book has given offence to diverſe eminent, grave and Learned men; and is loathſome to all good men. That* Henry *the Eight had like to have been in Orders*, &c. *and that you know of two or three Noble mens ſons that in former times were in Orders, and of ſix or ſeven that at this preſent are: and that an holy man in a poor Living is in the kingdome of Heaven, if there be one upon Earth: which* (you ſay) *you believe, becauſe you durſt undertake to hold this Theſis againſt any Jeſuit*, viz. *Status inopis parochi*

chi in Eccleſiâ Anglicanâ, eſt perfectior ſtatu cujuſlibet Monachi in Eccleſiâ Romanâ. But I ſuppoſe, *Sir*, when you deſign'd me a *Paragraph*, and to call my Book *ſcandalous*; you intended ſome better reaſons, if you had not forgot them. But I pray, *Sir*, how come you to think that I was puffed up? I profeſs, *Sir*, I don't find my conſtitution to be a whit more *ſcandalous* than formerly: My pulſe beats neither faſter nor loftier: the ſame girdle ſtill takes me in. I neither ſleep deeper, nor eat more. I have not I confeſs lately examin'd my foretop; that poſſibly may be a little ſtarted forth; but otherwiſe I know of no alteration in my ſelf.

Again, *Sir*, you'd have me to have *cried and pittied him that preached upon, Weep not*, &c. *rather than have*, &c. I pray, *Sir*, to what purpoſe? that man is quiet in his grave, and I did it not becauſe he or his *Executors* had ever

ver affronted, or offended me; but becauſe I knew of no better inſtance to repreſent the vanity of ſuch kind of idle *ſhreddings*: and to put an end to the extravagancy of them. I intended to vex no man now alive in the whole world, nor to pleaſe and delight my ſelf in triumphiug over the imprudences of the dead: but yet, for all that, ſome people are reſolved to think, that I am a *Devil* I know not how big. However, my Conſcience tells me, what was my deſign: and I bleſs God Almighty that he put it into my mind, and that I was enabled to finiſh it.

Neither would I have you, *Sir*, ſo over-confident that that ſame *Book* you call *ſcandalous*, is ſo very *offenſive and loathſome to all good men*. For I am ſure you have not lately ſpoke with all the *good men in the Nation*: For I know ſeveral that are not of your opinion, and that are very good *men* too:

and

and for ought I know, as *good* as yours: they being as eminent for learning, for piety and for *ſuffering* too: and then I am ſure, you'l acknowledge them to be without all doubt *good*: I ſay, I know ſeveral, and ſuch who were born much above fourty years ſince, (for if they had not, with ſome they would not be worth ſixpence a hundred) that at the firſt reading thought the deſign to be honeſt, and the Book ſtill to be uſeful: and if I be puffed up with any thing (as you think I am, *Sir*,) it is not I'le aſſure you with any jeſt, ſtory or gloſs, that you there find, but to hear of ſome that are throughly convinced that it is not the beſt way to ſpend two days of three either in dreſſing up plain ſence and meaning with obſcure *Rhimes* and *Fingles*, or with other ſorts of elaborate, uſeleſs *fineries*.

I ſuppoſe, *Sir*, I am to look upon my ſelf concerned in all your fifth *Paragraph*: But when you tell me

me of ſome perſons of *Honour*, that have been heretofore, and of others that are now in holy Orders; I know not how it ſhould come into your mind, to think any thing of that againſt me; whoſe great deſign it was that there might be ten times as many; and though you are pleaſed to ſay, that *an holy man in a poor Living is in a Kingdom*; yet I hope, *Sir*, that your intentions of augumenting your own *Living*, for the advantage of your ſucceſſors, will not remove you ever a whit the further, from that *Kingdom* you there mean.

If you deſire, *Sir*, any further ſatisfaction, I muſt refer you to my ſecond Letter: which I think is plain, even to thoſe very men, that *would* not underſtand my firſt; notwithſtanding thoſe two objectors that now follow.

I have nothing more, *Sir*, but to let you know that notwithſtanding all this, I have a great eſteem for

you: not only becauſe you dealt friendly with me, but becauſe you ought to be eſteem'd by all, as you are by

Your Humble Servant

T. B.

A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF THE Vindication of the CLERGY: From T. B.

——*Silvestrem tenui.*

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Holt*; for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

A LETTER, &c.

SIR,

ALthough for your own convenience and ſervice, you have appointed me to be *young Shimei*, *Fanatical skip-jack*, *Secretary to a Committee of plundered Miniſters*, *and Secretary beſides to another company that believe no life after this* (which is very nigh, as bad as the former) yet, for my part, I am fully reſolved to apply my ſelf to you, only by the way of *dear Sir*, *ſweet Sir*, and ſometimes *plainly*, *Sir*. For if I ſhould go and call you *Giles* of *Tilbury*, *Philip* of *Southampton*, *Gabriel* of *Doncaſter*, or the like; your name perhaps all this while

may be *Zoroaſter*, *Zerubbabel*, *Boreas* or *Boanerges*. But let it be what it will, and live where you can, on this ſide or beyond *Trent*: nay, live as far as *Barwick* upon *Twede*, *Sir* ſtill holds good, and will find you out there.

And now, *Sir*, in the firſt place; I muſt return you many thanks, for your extraordinary kindneſs towards me, in reſpect of what I found from your *Brother Anſwerer*, *W. S.* For though you tell me (p. 26.) that *he was too civil to his old acquaintance, and too free and prodigal in his conceſſions:* and though by your *fiery* and *fierce Latin* (*facit indignatio*) you put me into a moſt diſmal fright, and had like to have made me miſcarry: Yet I plainly perceive, where there is any thing of ſound and ſubſtantial tenderneſs at the bottom, nature cannot diſſemble long, but muſt needs diſcover ſome of its ſweetneſſes. For whereas ſevere *W. S.* confin'd me wholly to

to *cracking of Nuts*; you are pleaſed, *Sir*, to give me my choice of happineſs and imployments. For when I am altogether tired and ſcorch'd with chaſing *Butterflies*, then have I your moſt gracious leave to retire either to my *pilling of ſtraws*, or to cool *my ſelf*, and *my chicken broth*, or to call in at the *Market Croſs*, and reſt my ſelf in the *Pillory*; a very *laudable place*, and allowed of by *Authority*.

And therefore, I ſay, I muſt upon all occaſions acknowledge my ſelf to be yours, for theſe and many the like affectionate expreſſions, in your *Vindication*: which, when I well conſider, are ſo very ſweet and engaging, that I muſt needs hold my ſelf obliged, for your ſake, at any time, either to skip off a *Steeple*: or to make an end of that odd jobb of work which *Nicanor Seleucus* left unfiniſhed between the *Euxine* and *Caſpian* ſeas (If you be very ſure, that it was ever begun, for I

have a ſcurvy fellow that doubts of it:) nay, when my hand is in, I care not a farthing, if I carry on that other *maſſy* buſineſs in *Achaia*; for what's *maſſineſs* to me, when there's a friend in the caſe. In ſhort. *Sir*, you cannot eaſily deviſe a task, to which I ſhall be unwilling, unleſs it be to *anſwer* your *Book*. And, as to that, I muſt by all means beg your pardon; being not at all in the humour, to reply to that which was fully anſwered, long before it was Printed; *viz.* in my *ſecond Letter* called *Obſervations*: upon which you have ſome ſhort reflections in a *Poſtſcript*: and if you had reflected but a little more, I am confident you might have eaſily perſwaded your ſelf to have burnt your *Copy*. For in all your *Vindication*, if any man, that does but underſtand ſence from words, can ſhew me but ſix lines that pretends to Argument, or Objection, that was not half a year before urged by *W. S.* and to which ſome re-

ply

ply was not thereupon made; then will I oblige my ſelf to get all your *Book* by heart (which I would not do for a ſmall matter) or be at the charge, to procure ſome body to turn it into moſt ſtately *Heroick* Verſe.

Now, I do ſuppoſe, it may be convenient for you to call this (as you do all that I ſay) a *flam*, a *whisker*, a *Caprice*, a piece of *ſpight*, *malice*, *calumny* and *ſpleen*. But I care not for that: for if the ſame *whole world* (to which you ſo often appeal) be not of my opinion, I'le give you all my intereſt in it, for thoſe ſame *three poor pennies*, which, you know, *is the full price of my planet*. If you pleaſe, *Sir*, we'l try two or three places. My *friend W. S.* comes forth, and deſires to diſſent from me, as to the buſineſs of ſchooling. For ſays he, (p. 37.) *Though the underſtanding that is in man does indeed early diſcover it ſelf, yet memory is the great ſtorehouſe of underſtanding: and*

and if the memory be ſufficiently imployed at School, it will lay a good foundation for the perfecting the underſtanding afterwards. This was *W. S.* his opinion, and objection: to whom I reply'd, your *Humble Servant* W. S. and ſome little more beſides according as I was able. I know not how long after, out comes the *Vindicationer*, and ſpruces up this objection: with ſome fine bedeckings, and embelliſhments, and a needleſs quotation out of *Plato*, and bruſhes forth, as if he had diſcovered a third *Indies*; ſaying; *Every body knows, but the Contemner of the Clergy, that Children have a moiſt and ſupple brain, like ſoft wax capable of any impreſſions, and that memory is the moſt early faculty of the ſoul, which exerts it ſelf in the very dawning of ſenſe, and cogitation, (whereupon* Plato *calls it the Mother of the Muſes) and is in its prime and meridian vigour, before Imagination or Phancy, much*

much leſs underſtanding and judgment come perfectly to them. Now, *Sir*, do you think that I am ſuch a fool and owl, as to reply to any ſuch thing as this? You tell me that a *childs brain is like ſoft wax*: and I tell you, that if you had put to your ſoft *wax*, *plaiſter* of *Paris*, *Puff'd paſt*, *Curds* and *Apple ſauce*, I would not have anſwered you one word. And what do I care if *Plato* calls memory the *Mother* of the *Maids*? I have nothing to ſay againſt *Plato*: but I have only this to ſay, that if that be the opinion not only of *Plato*, but of the *Brachmans* and *Gymnoſophiſts* of *India*, the *Bards* and *Druids* of *Gaul*, the *Magi* of *Perſia*, the *Chaldæans* of *Babylonia* and *Aſſyria*, the *Prieſts* of *Ægypt*, and of every one of the *Philoſophers* of *Greece*; I am ſo very buſie and ſurly at preſent, that I will not ſpeak to any ſuch thing. Indeed, as to what I ſaid, of mixing at *School* ſome other pleaſant learning

learning with *Greek* and *Latin*; you differ a little in your accompts. For all that *W. S.* objected was, that it is more proper to learn those things which I mentioned afterwards. But that you may be sure to out-go him, and not to grant so much as he, you are of opinion, that to go about to teach a lad of twelve years of age a little *Arithmetick*, or the *circles* of the *Globe* or the like, it is ἐκστατικὸν 'tis every whit as impossible as it was for *Nero to cut a channel from the lake* Avernus *to the mouth of* Tiber, *and to pierce the Massy* Isthmus *in* Achaia: *or as it was for* Nicanor Seleucus *to cut the streight between* the Euxine *and* Caspian *seas*; *or for* Cleopotra *that which divided the red Sea from* Ægypt; nay, 'tis not only ἐκστατικὸν, but τὸ καινότατον: *such a monster, as that teeming* Africk *never brought forth the fellow of it*; and every whit as ridiculous, as if you put *Hercules's shoes upon a dwarf, or as if Lambs could wade, where elephants are forced*

forced to ſwim, or as if every little Philiſtine, could play at quarter ſtaff with Goliah's *beam.* Now, *W. S.* did not think it thus vengeanably impoſſible; but only that it was not the moſt proper time.

In like manner, there is ſome little difference between you, about your believing that there might be a reaſon, why *Lawyers* and *Phyſicians* prove better than *Divines*, having the ſame education. As for modeſt, *W. S.* he only wonders a little at it, and ſays *it is very ſtrange if it ſhould be ſo:* but he does not defie all reaſon, that might be given: not knowing but that there might be one in *Banko.* But when you come to conſider of it, half a year after the reaſon was repeated out of my firſt letter, you fall on, to purpoſe, and challenge all the *Logicks* in *Europe* to make it out. I wiſh with all my heart, *Sir*, you had not challenged them every one. For

I'le

I'le warrant you beſides *Burgersdicius*, *Heereboord*, *Crackcanthorp*, and *Keckerman* there be vourty at leaſt. The *King* of *Spain* (to my knowledge) has abundance of *Logicks*, and I'le aſſure you the *French King* wants neither *men*, nor *Logicks*. Indeed I muſt wiſh again, that you had thought of it a little better: for this ſame *Europe*, *Sir*, that you ſo daringly challenge, is a very large place, and will hold many *Buſhels* of Logick. For as I find in a learned *Author*; *Europe* reaches *Eaſtward* as far as the *Ægæan Sea*, *Helleſpont*, *Propontis*, nay, as far as your very *Pontus Euxinus*, and beyond; and then *Southward*, *Northward*, and *Weſtward*, I know not how far.

Cluver. introd. in Geog.

I muſt confeſs that there be two or three things againſt my *Letter*, that are near upon as *maſſy* as the very *Iſthmus* it ſelf; that wound me for ever and make me groan again; which were not at all taken notice of

of by *W. S.* but whether he overlooked them out of friendſhip, or tenderneſs of nature, or weakneſs of eyes or underſtanding, I am not able to ſay; but ſure I am, he ſays not one word of them: The firſt that I took notice of is *pag.* 38. where you are very ſevere upon me for maintaining that a *break-faſt* is like a *faſt*; and that *any Text in the Bible is more like an ingenious Picture, than a Break-faſt is like a faſt*; and *you deſire the World to judge, if it be not a very odd ſimilitude.* Now becauſe this is an abſolute new objection, wherein my reputation is much concern'd, and a matter of ſo great moment, that it is quoted again, as an everlaſting abuſe to me, therefore I muſt anſwer as warily and diſtinctly as the caſe will admit of: which I ſhall do in theſe three following Propoſitions. Firſt, I confeſs, grant, and acknowledge, that a *break-faſt* ſtrictly and ſeverely taken, is not at all like a *faſt*; In the ſecond place I do lay down and hold (and reſolve to do it to my

dying

dying day) that a *Break-faſt* may be as dreadful as a *faſt*; provided it be an *old Parliament one*; for that alters the caſe very much: for the clearing of this, turn to plodding *Ariſtotle, de oppoſitis.* In the laſt place I do moſt ſtiffly maintain, that I never ſaid that a *Break-faſt is as dreadful as an old Parliament faſt:* but I'le tell you what I ſaid, that *the repetition day for the Grammer is uſually as dreadful as an old Parliament faſt*; and fourteen lines after, I ſaid, (and will ſay it again for all you) that *to be bound to get two or three hundred Verſes out of* Homer *for break-faſt*, is no very pleaſant task. Now I profeſs it was a ſpightful, *fanatical, skipjack trick* of mine, that I did not right down ſay, that a *break-faſt is like a faſt*; (the two words are but fourteen lines diſtant one from the other;) for then you might have enlarged the Title of the *accuſation*, that was to be written under me——*The Author of the Contempt of the Clergy*, &c. *and that ſaies*

ſaies that a faſt is like a break-faſt.

Another thing that was wholly forgotten by *W. S.* is that he takes no notice at all, how greatly convenient it might be, if there were pretty ſtore of ſuch as were *poor* and *ignorant* mixed with the reſt of the *Clergy:* for as you very well obſerve *pag.* 21. this makes up the *Harmony of things: for*, ſay you, *were there not an* Ignoramus *or two amongſt the Lawyers, ſome Quacks and Empiricks amongſt Phyſicians, ſome Idiots in the Schools of Philoſophers, ſome dunces in the number of pretended Schollars, and ſome poor Gentry amongſt the rich, there would be no harmony of things*; not any at all, moſt certainly: but all the *Clergy* would be as dull as a *barn-door.*

There is alſo one thing more that you urge againſt me, *p.* 93. that muſt go wholly for your own; and it is this; *Suppoſing a vicor has but a groat in the houſe it is a moſt unimaginable thing, that he ſhould break ſuch an entire ſumme, and ſpend his penny.* Now

I durſt not for my ears, go about to make any reply to this: becauſe you ſay *it is a calumny that has ſo little of probability in it, that the Devil himſelf cannot believe it*: and I have no mind at all to diſpute with him: and therefore this muſt be regiſtred and allowed of as an unanſwerable objection againſt me; and wholly of your own invention. I'le take care it ſhall be fil'd amongſt the *Gazets* and *Philoſophical News-Books*. But indeed as to the advantage and convenience of uſing of *Latin* in *Sermons*, where no body underſtands it; I muſt needs do *W. S.* ſo much right, as to confeſs, it was not altogether forgotten by him; but withal it muſt never be denied but that the four reaſons that you have added, have ſo very much ſtrengthened and advanced that buſineſs, that *W. S.* cannot come in for above a *fifth part* of the glory. For, firſt of all, ſay you, *It may be convenient for the Miniſter, to quote out of the learned, Greek or Latin*, though no body underſtands

it

it, to diſtinguiſh himſelf from ſuch who preach altogether in *Engliſh* at *Conventicles*. Admirable well contriv'd! for if they were diſtinguiſhed by nothing elſe, but by obſerving the *Canons* and the *Act* of *Uniformity*, it would be very hard to know one from t'other. Secondly, *becauſe Authority is a more effectual argument* ad hominen, *than a Demonſtration*. That muſt needs be, becauſe it is ſuppoſed that theſe ſame *homines* do not underſtand a word of it; and ſo it muſt work moſt wonderfully and effectually. Thirdly, it is very convenient; for, *though the people do not underſtand a tittle of it, yet ſo long as they underſtand more then they can commonly remember, it is well enough.* O 'tis extraordinary well! And laſtly, becauſe *a man may ſo preach in Engliſh, that all people ſhall not underſtand him*; (that is, if he gives his mind to it, and makes it his buſineſs:) *for there be* δυσνόητα *in a chapter of St.* Paul *read in Engliſh.* Is it not great pity, that you were not matched to that

ſame *teeming Africa* you ſpeak of? what a *breed* of *Reaſoners* would the World have had?

Now, would it not make any one in the World raving mad, to hear ſuch ſtuff as yours boaſted of for ſence? but for all that, I ſhall take up my ſelf according to the *Philoſophers* Rule, πάσα μεταβολὴ φύσει ἐκπατικόν: and not be ſo angry as to anſwer your *Book*. Nay more than that, I intend to be reconciled to you, to love you, and entertain ſome hopes of you, upon condition you'l promiſe me three or four things, which I muſt heartily requeſt of you: and if all the World do not ſay that they are very ſeaſonable and proper for your Conſtitution, I'le undertake never to beg any thing again.

In the firſt place therefore I do moſt earneſtly requeſt of you, that you do not for the future print any *quibbles*. Be as merry as you pleaſe, and as witty as you can afford; but for one ſo extraordinary full of *demonſtration*, and ſo very well acquainted

quainted with *Euclid*, even from a *ſhoulder* of *mutton* to a *diſh of wild fowl*, for ſuch an one to play and trifle with words will certainly in time very much abate your reputation, and more then that weaken your rational parts. What an eaſie matter had it been for you, when you were ſpeaking of *Engliſh diſputations* and *Declamations* being uſed in St. *Pauls*; to have ſaid, that it was allowed of by the Uſurper, or by *Oliver* the *Tyrant?* but you muſt go and ſay *it was connived at by one* Tyrannus, *but you did not mean him in the Acts.* It was great pity indeed that you did not mean him, becauſe he was dead five or ſix hundred years before St. *Pauls* was built. In like manner, when you tell us, *Pag.* 75. that *it is not at all likely that ſtar-board and lar board, &c. ſhould ever come into a Sermon, ſince Pulpits made of Ships beaks have been out of faſhion*: You had better have given any other reaſon of its being unlikely, than that: for though by chance I take the Jeſt

of it, becauſe I have read *Godwin's Antiquities:* yet how ſhall thoſe poor Readers make ſhift to admire you, that do not underſtand the full ſignification of *Roſtrum*, and the Hiſtory of *Roman Pulpits*?

I deſire alſo that you would conſider that there be ſome *Phanſies* which at their firſt foundation were very good and laudable; but when they have been torn, and toſſed up and down, by every body, for an hundred years together, they then become tireſome and degenerate into all the iniquity and nauſeouſneſs of a *quibble*. For example; ſuppoſe you have a mind to abuſe a man to death, and to tell him that he talks like an *Apothecary*: do ſo; ſpare him not at all, but down with him, and make the Rogue ſufficiently aſhamed of his folly, and *Apothecariſhip:* but (if you love the proſperity of your *Family*) I deſire by all means, that you do not train it in with a Story of *Doctor* three or four lines before; telling him that *for ſuch a thing to be ſo or ſo is indeed*

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the opinion of one Doctor; but what if he ſhould talk all the while like an Apothecary? So to tell a man that he is an *Hogshead*, is ſearching queſtionleſs, and goes very deep: but if you put *empty* before it, and tell him that he is an *empty Hogshead*, then I count there's little hopes of life: but if he chance to find the word *Tun* within five or ſix lines of this abuſe, he preſently takes heart thereupon, begins to crawl again, and does not care at all for dying.

We muſt alwaies grant, *Sir*, that it was very well done of him, who firſt obſerved that *where God had his Church, the Devil had his Chappel*; and it was pretty well done of him, that obſerved the ſame in the ſecond place; but to go on, and obſerve it over, and over, and over again, without all doubt, does take very much away from the primitive glory of your obſervation. And thus *Nicholas Nemo, diebus illis his days*, to be born under a *three penny planet*, to render *quantum dabis* into pure *cur-*

rant English money, to correct the defect of nature's pencil, and many such like (which you abound with) were questionless at first very ingenious and without all exception; but the jestingness of them, by too much using is so utterly worn out, that they will work no more than the powder of an old post.

But amongst all *quibbles*, as you desire to flourish and be for ever famous, be very sparing of such that depend wholly upon the *Title* and outside of *Books*, *viz.* εἰς ἀυτὸν, *Hobbs his Creed*, *the Gentleman's calling*, *Ignoramus*, and such like; for they lying very obvious to every ordinary phansie, you may chance to make a jest, that has been made an hundred times before. You'l find this, I promise you, to be very good advice, if you consider well of it.

Now I am, I must confess, perfectly of your mind, as to what you say, *pag.* 59. concerning the great advantages and excellent use of *quibbles*, if handsomely managed, by reason

ſon that *they are a great promoter of health in general, and an eaſie amulet againſt ſome diſtempers that hang about ſedentary men in particular; that they unbend the mind, looſen the diſtended nerves of the ſoul, and revive its droopings ſpirits after a wonderful manner:* which agrees very well, with what the worthy *Author Witts Common-wealth* ſays in the firſt part, *pag.* 215. concerning *Muſick*, viz. *it is the bodies beſt recreation, it overcometh the heart, and comforts the mind, it is the Queen and Miſtris of the ſoul, it is the loadſtone of fellowſhip, the chearful reviver of dulled ſpirits, the ſole delight of dancing, and ſweet-meat of ſorrow* —— But let me tell you, that neither your ſelf, nor that learned *Author*, have ſpoken half home to the buſineſs. Alas! *dear Sir*, you ſpeak but timorouſly and modeſtly; this is nothing to what I can tell you. What think you of him that without any vulgar inſtruments uſed for that purpoſe, only by the help of a good luſty *Foque*, and a *Jews-trump* couched

couched a *cataract* of ſeven years ſtanding: and of another who quibbled a *Wen* of the forehead, as big as a Gooſes egg. Great cures upon my word! and the greater, becauſe theſe ſorts of *Medicines* work chiefly upon the lower parts. You would wonder, *Sir*, to ſee what a vaſt quantity of *gravel* hath come away upon two or three *jeſts*. It is reported of one *Harmonides* (not your *Harmonides* the Fidler, but another that I have) who having been tortured ſeveral days with the *ſtone*, and trying ſeveral *Medicines* to no purpoſe, was adviſed at laſt to ſend for ſome ingenious *Feſter*: no ſooner was the ingenious come into the houſe, but preſently the pain much abated, (for a *jeſt*, you muſt know, if it be ſtrong, works at a diſtance as well as the *Sympathetick powder*,) and being carried up into his Bed-chamber, he let go a *phanſie* of a good moderate ſize, (but whether it was *quibble* or *joque*, my Author does not ſay,) upon which the ſtone preſently turned; and adding

adding to that, one a little ſtronger, it was ſoon after voided. Neither is this at all unlikely, when we call to mind how plentifully a great Perſon of our own Nation bepiſſed his breeches, after a long ſtoppage of *Urine*, meerly by one *jeſt* of the *Doctors*, when all his *drugs* would not draw one *drop*. But were there nothing in all this that tended to the commendation of a *jeſt*, yet certainly they (from what you ſay) are very allowable, ſacred and Orthodox; becauſe (you know) *S.* John *went a Partridge-catching when he writ his myſterious Revelations*; and what is more like a *Partridge* than a *quibble* in *Feathers*?

Now, I would not have you think me ſo ſpiteful and malicious, as to ſay, that there is nothing of real wit in your Vindication: for let people ſay what they will, and carp, and catch, and except, and caprice, yet they are forced to acknowledge in ſpight of malice and calumny, that there are in the whole *Vindication*,

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four or five as good, clear, and well dreſſed humours, as ever were made: and leſt you ſhould think I flatter, I'le tell you the very places; that you may know what is approved of, how to value your ſelf, and to do well again when occaſion requires. The firſt happy thing that is approved of by all, is your putting in that *ſcrap* (as you call it) *of the Poet.*

——*Quid enim tentare nocebit?*

And then your ſaying immediately after, that you did it on purpoſe, becauſe *you knew it would trouble me vilely*; and I'le aſſure you it was well gheſſed; for I hate ſuch a *ſcrap* of *Latin*, as I do a *Viper* or *Toad*: and though I made ſhift to take a ſlumber of ſeven or eight hours that night; yet I found that your *Poet* rejounced next morning moſt horribly: and I'le aſſure you, it coſt me a glaſs of *aqua mirabilis* to compound with him, to be quiet. The next humour that they all grant to be good

and

and very allowable, is your telling me that *you had got ground of me, more then I did allow the Vicar for his Glebe.* It was well obſerved, for I do confeſs I do allow him but little. The next is (that is allowed) your calling *Cicero's* ſon *Mark a codſhead:* they acknowledge it to be well ſaid, and true; for the *Rogue* proved not otherwiſe. A fourth is your forgetting the *Roman Lady's Bitche's name that* Theſmopolis *had the tuition of:* theſe are all that I can get to be generally allowed. I have put in hard, I'le aſſure you in all companies, for two or three more: as for example; *the Papiſt and the Puritan being tyed together like* Sampſon's *Foxes*: I liked it well enough, and have beſeeched them to let it paſs for a phanſie: but I could never get the Rogues in a good humour to do it. For they ſay, that *Sampſon's Foxes* have been ſo very long, and ſo very often tied together, that it is high time now to part them. It may be, becauſe ſomething very like it, is to be found in a *Printed*

Sermon

Sermon, which was preached thirty eight years ago; it is no *flam*, nor *whisker*: it is the 43. Page upon the right hand. Yours go thus: viz. *Papist and Puritan like* Sampson's *Foxes, though looking and running two several wayes, yet are ever joyned together in the tail*: my Author has it thus; viz. *the Separatists and the Romanists* (there's for your *Puritan's* and *Papists*) *consequently to their otherwise most distant principles do fully agree, like* Sampson's *Foxes tyed together by the tails, to set all on fire, although their faces look quite contrary ways.* I phansied a good while those two stories you tell, *pag.* 41. how that *Socrates* (*though his Mother was a Midwife*) *could not make his Schollars bring forth any Science, unless they had unerstanding to conceive it: and that it was ill done of* Cicero *that he did not examine the boy* Mark's *parts before he went to* Athens. But I profess, (I know not how) it came at last into my mind, that I had learnt this at School; and looking into my

Clerk's

Clerk's formulæ (out of which I used to steal my *Themes*) upon that close and elegant discourse, *E quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*; there I found them both in the very beginning of the *Speech*, viz. *Socrates*, &c. But this I must confess was Mr. *Clerk's* rudeness; for if he had taken care (as he ought to have done) to have placed those two *historical observations*, a little deeper into that great Controversie, you might then have been supposed to have fetched them from some other *Author*, that was nearer to the *Original*. I have heard very often mention made of your calling a *dish of wild fowl a Pyramid*: but whether they approve of it or laugh at it, I cannot yet certainly tell: (when I certainly know, you shall have an accompt.) But I must seriously tell you that as to the *beards being made of certain she Asses manes*, I have very little hopes of putting that off; (and I am somewhat afraid that the *shoulder of Mutton* or *Triangle*, will lie upon my hand;) but you may

may be ſure I'le do my beſt endeavour. Perhaps you may think is convenient to write ſome ſmall thing and explain it: but if it never goes off for a phanſie, ſeeing there be three or four that *Hell* it ſelf can't except againſt, eſpecially that of the *chafing diſh being a Hypotheſis*, which I had like to have forgot; the truth of it is, it was a very pretty thought, and I am confident will alwaies be ſo accompted.

Now, I muſt confeſs to you, that this ſame phraſe of *pretty thought*, is none of my own; but (as I remember) 'tis in ſome late *Play*, which I thought fit to tell you, that you may be ſure of what you gheſs, *that I do ſometimes borrow*, and (as I am your friend) I adviſe you to learn to do ſo too. For rather then I would ſtuff out a *Book* with *Lot* and *Lottery*, *Churches* and *Chappels*, *Jachin* and *Boaz*, with my old friend *Nicholas Nemo*, with *Pun*'s *quibbles* and *ſmall jeſts* a thouſand times ſaid before, and with all the featneſſes that three *Languages* can afford

afford towards a *poor fanſie*, I would adviſe you to take that courſe which you think I do, and write *farces, fardles, frequent company and ſteal from clubs, ranſack all Romances and Plays, written before or ſince the King came in.* I would not ſtick at that; I would be for *heyte teyte*, a *cock* or a *bull*, an *horſe-ſhoe* or a *mares neſt:* I would make friends and get to be *Secretary* to ſome learned *Committee*, (*Boccaline* perhaps may ſell you his place, for two hundred *Guineas*; for he hath got ſtock enough to ſet up for himſelf) and then get by heart their *dogmes, reſolves and decrees*; nay, rather then fail, I would get another to write the *Prefate*, or do any ſuch thing: For, upon my word, if you go on thus, you'l be in as great danger of *breaking the neck of your parts*, as you think the *poor Lads* to be at *School* by venturing upon any *ſolid learning*. And as I would requeſt you for the future that you would be very careful of breaking *the neck of your phanſie:* ſo take ſome

care, I beſeech you, of *necking* your *judgement*; but above all things be very wary of calling that *Euclid* that does not conclude at all. If you had only ſaid that you would endeavour to make ſuch a thing out, or that you did not much queſtion but that you ſhould do it, and that very plain too; people would not then have called for their *Rule* and *Compaſſes*: but to ſay, that you would make it out *as clear as any Demonſtration in* Euclid, and moreover to write, *quod erat demonſtrandum*, after ſuch looſe and wide reaſonings, that would ſcarce hold a *Pike* of half a yard long, (a Metaphor taken from a *net*, which I have ſeen as well as a *Ship*) was very raſhly done. You had much better have ſworn it off, as the *Poet* did his *Play*: although you had never ſo little reaſon for it.

What then belike (ſay you) *Ignorance and Poverty muſt be grounds and occaſions of contempt in the Clergy, I marry, that's a likely buſineſs indeed! that was well deviſed by a* Skip-jack phanſie!

phanſie! *a moſt excellent* Jachin and Boaz! *a pair of ſpecial good* pillars *or* poles *for an* airy caſtle! *but if I do not rattle down* poles *and* pillars, if *I do not wholly ſubvert and unhinge the confident* ſwaggerer, *and venter of* Paradoxes, *if I do not* unjachin, *and* unboaz *him, before I have done, I'le e'en renounce* Euclid *and all pretences to him. Come,* Mr. Confident, *you go and impudently ſay, that* Ignorance *and* Poverty *are cauſes of contempt. I pray, by your leave,* Sir, *how then comes it about* that poverty was always counted a ſacred thing, and Ignorance the Mother of devotion and admiration? *Sure you will not venture to ſay that* Godlineſs *and* devotion *are* contemptible *things: there's one* nut *for you to* crack. *I think there's one* bruſh *for your* poles: *and it is very ſtrange if your* caſtle *does not tumble by and by. Now,* Sir, *for a little of your skill in* Aſtronomy, *to tight and ſtraighten your* poles. *Your* bold Hypotheſis *begins to groan already, and ſink it muſt, unleſs you*

can reconcile admiration *and* contempt. I'le teach you to talk at randome about things you do not at all underſtand. *I'le teach you the meaning of* Sumite materiam veſtram qui ſcribitis æquam Viribus—*I know you don't love it, but I'le make you eat* Latin *and* Greek *too, before I have done with you. Do you ſee* Mr. Clergy-mender, *how I have tript up both your* poles *at one ſtroak: but leſt you ſhould ſay that this was a ſurprize, or think, that I am ſtinted for* demonſtrations; *I'le give you your* Jachin *and* Boaz *again: but then look to your ſelf; for now I'le take them both away one by one, ſo fairly, ſo evidently, and* ſcientifically, *that pull and hold what you can, you ſhall plainly perceive your ſelf a very ſot, and fool: I ſay look cloſely to it; for I intend to make an home thruſt. My* demonſtration *ſhall go in juſt at your* navel, *and ſo let out the very* guts *of all your* diſcourſe. Ignorance, *ſay you, at randome, is a cauſe of* contempt; *boldly ſaid for a* skip-jack *indeed; but I pray* Mr. Apothecary *anſwer me this then.*

then. Is not Magiſtracy *as well as* Miniſtery an Ordinance *of* God? *How comes it then about that a* Thatcher, *ſuppoſe he be but a* Mayor *of a* Town, *although he can neither write nor read, ſhall be as much wondred at, and admired, be called as often* Worſhipful, *be ſtood bare to as much, have the* Mace *carried as* dreadfully *before him, as if he had learning enough to be* Lord Chief Juſtice: *and how comes it to paſs that* hereditary Kings *have been honoured and obeyed, that have had ſo little parts as to be forced to diſpatch all things by their* Council; *and if theſe, though never ſo* Ignorant, *are to be honoured; are not we bound to ſeek out, and* elect *ſuch; ſuppoſe we can tell where to find them? Now you had beſt cry for one of your cauſes of* Contempt; *do ſo, cry on, I don't pity you at all, and if I thought it would vex you as much* (*as* quid tentare nocebit?) *I would make you hang your ſelf. I could carry you into the* bowels *and* ſecrets *of former Ages, and give you an* hiſtorical demonſtration.

What think you of the Roman Curiones, Augures, Auſpices, Flamines, Extiſpices, Pontifices, Salii, Aruſpices, Cultuarii, Victimarii, Capnomantes, Drales, *and* Cantharides, *who have no reaſon to be believed to be any great* Conjurers; *and yet it is granted by all that the* Divel *and they together, kept the* people *in ſufficient aw: but you muſt be for your* Aſtronomy *forſooth, and your* Atoms: *you muſt be for your new* projects *and* models, *and for your* heyte teyte's; *and in the mean time, neglect all ſolid Learning, and* Godwyn's Antiquities. *But ſay when you have enough, and are ſufficiently aſham'd; for I have a whole cloak-bag full of pure* Mathematical *ſtuff ſtill. What think you of your preſent* Popiſh Prieſts, *that can ſcarce tell how to read the Service, and yet with a little of* Joſeph's Humm, *and the* Virgin *Marys* Milk, *are very well reſpected and admired? Do you think they would do half ſo much good and be half ſo much reſpected, if they were conſiderable Schollars? I pray*

anſwer

anſwer me to that, Mr. Caſtle-keeper *But why ſhould I go about to pour forth ſuch* Hiſtorical rarities *into an* empty hogs-head? *for although he ſhould want parts to perceive the violence, and breaking in of a* demonſtration, *yet his* Miſtreſs Experience *may teach him ſo much; how Idle a thing it is to prate of* Ignorance *being a cauſe of* Contempt, *or of wiſhing any* Clergy-man *ſhould be more learned; whereas it is plain that the unlearned* Weavers *and* Taylours in *the late times, could ſwing the people more after them, then we can do now with all our* Learning. Populus aliquando vult decipi; et ſi aliquando cur non nunc? And therefore from all this you had much reaſon to wonder how egregiouſly miſtaken the little *Hiſtorian* was. For alas! *Ignorance is ſo far from expoſing a publick perſon to contempt, that (give him but Power and Authority with it) his only way and means to arrive to a great eſteem amongſt the generality of men is to re-*

nounce all learning, and get as much Ignorance as poſſible; for the more ignorant, the more valued. And why? it ſeems ſtrange at firſt: but when we hear the reaſon it is plain: becauſe the *generality of mankind are unlearned themſelves.*

And thus, *Sir*, having demonſtrated not only that *Ignorance* is full out as *ſerviceable as learning* (for to have done that would not have argued any ſuperfluity of *parts*,) but that of the two, it is much to be preferr'd: in the next place you ſhew that poverty carries it at leaſt a length and half before *convenient maintenance.* And why? *becauſe no wiſe man eſteems things by their gaudy outſides, the Horſe by his trappings, the Aſs by his burden. Becauſe the learned Heathens never deifyed money, and* Pythagoras *recommended golden Precepts, not gold. Becauſe* Lucian *laſhes the blind God of wealth, as if he were a blind Bear. Becauſe the Peripatetical* ſummum bonum, *when they had*

had put money to't, was but a Golden Calf. Becauſe Cræſus *and* Midas *were but jingling Pack-horſes.* But this is *Heatheniſh* proof, now for *Divinity.* For, *Was not Chriſt himſelf in a low condition? Was not his Fury of life and death moſt of them poor? and did not the foreman of the Fury S.* Peter *ſay, ſilver and gold have I none? Now from ſuch Premiſes as theſe would not every novice* (ſay you) *in Logick conclude that it were better for a Clergyman to have but twenty pounds a year and half a dozen books, than an hundred and a good Library?* No; I am confident he would not, if he had read but two Chapters in *Logick*: nay, if his *Tutor* had only promiſed the *poor creature* a little of *that ſame*, and he ſhould *conclude* ſo, I would have him preſently ſent home, and never be ſuffered to *conclude* again. Now, *Sir*, do you think that I will ſpend any time in expoſing ſuch nonſence as this, which is ſo very plain and palpable that all

all the malice in the world cannot misrepresent or make it worse? not I, I'le assure you. You talk somewhere of bestowing your *Mother* upon me: alas! you don't offer like a Chapman. For if you should fling in your *Grandmother*, *Aunts* and all your *Sisters* into the bargain I will not put my self to so much trouble. But yet I cannot forbear just to shew what a great *demonstrator* you are of your *second proposition*, as you were of your first: which you set upon *p.* 19. but it pierces not deep till *p.* 24. And if any one desires to see *Euclid* in a nutshell, there he may find him.

The case is this (or as you are pleased to read it *the ball of contention*) Whether there may not be here and there a *Clergy-man* so *ignorant*, as that it might be wished, that he were wiser. For my part I went and ghess'd at random, and thought there might be one or so: but my *adversary* holds and maintains, not only that there is not

not ſo much as one now in the whole Nation; but ſhews it to be impoſſible that there ever was one, or ever ſhall be one. And for doing all this he only lays down one very ſmall *requeſt*, viz. That no man can preſent himſelf to a *Living*: from whence it follows as faſt as hops, that ſome body elſe muſt do it (for no man can be himſelf, and ſome body elſe with all the little *thingums* about him *Secundum idem, ad idem, &c.*) It remains therefore to be examined, who this ſome-body is. And it will be found to be either the *King* himſelf, or ſome *Noblemen*, or *College*, or *Corporation* or *private Gentleman* (for theſe are all the ſome-bodies that can be thought of) but it is as plain as any thing in *Euclid*, that it is perfectly impoſſible that any man unfit or unable ſhould by any of theſe means get into a *Living*. For ſuppoſe we try a little and begin at the higheſt. *Will any body be ſo bold, ſaucy and impudent, ſo forget-*

ful

full of all allegiance *and have ſo little dread of* Majeſty, *as to diſhonour the* broad Seal, *and beg its favour, in that wherein he knows himſelf unworthy?* Ite, procul Ite profani. *Nothing certainly is comparable to it, but ſtealing the* Crown *it ſelf. In like manner it is as unconceivable, that any man that is not ſufficiently improved, ſhould procure a preſentation from any perſon of* Honour. *For theſe being all* Couſins *to the* King, *whatever inconvenience or diſgrace falls here, reflects at laſt upon the* Crown *it ſelf. I need not ſhew how impoſſible it is that either a* Colledge *or* Corporation *ſhould prefer an* Hocus, *when they have their choice of ſo many. There is nothing therefore now hinders the topping of the demonſtration, and for ever confounding all that hold the contrary; but that ſome* Gentlemen *poſſibly out of fondneſs, kindred,* &c. *ſhould not preſent ſuch as they think fitteſt, but thoſe that can beg the* handſomeſt, *or love an* Horſe *moſt, or play at*

Bowls

Bowls *or* Tables *beſt*: *But he is not worthy to breath in* Engliſh *air that can think ſo meanly of a true* Engliſh *man. But ſuppoſe there ſhould be one or ſo that ſhould wholly forget himſelf, and his Nation, ſo much as to enquire into ſome other abilities, and diſpoſitions of mind, beſides common learning, where is that* bold Son of Simon? *O that I could but ſet my eyes upon that* Varlet! *how would I tear and confound that* Rogues *Conſcience! I'd teach him to fall in love with* Horſes, Gentlewomen, *and to play at* Tables *and* Bowls! *What? was there never an* Horſe *in all the Country that would pleaſe you, but after ſuch great bounty you muſt get away your* Patron's Horſe? *Would no* pace *nor* trot *ſerve you but juſt your Patron's? and was there never a* Gentlewoman *in all the Nation to inveigle, but you muſt put the Houſe into an uproar, and ſteal away my* Ladys, *and leave her to* catch cold, *and the* ſweet meats *to grow* mouldy, *and the* morning Broth

Broth *either not* half boyl'd, *or not* rightly ſeaſoned? *And to do all this where you were ſo very much oblig'd, and ſo very civilly uſed? Can't you receive a kindneſs, and then go home and meditate, and be meek and thankful, but you muſt grow ſaucy and inſolent thereupon, and challenge your* Patron *to play at Bowls, or Tables, and cheat him of his pennies?* So that it is very plain now (as any thing in all *Euclid*) that if one ſhould offer five hundred pounds for a *benefic'd Hocus*, there is not one to be bought: for they are every one demonſtrated out of the *Kingdom*. O *Euclid*, *Euclid*! who would not dye twenty deaths to be akin but to thy little toe? What a fooliſh and ſilly thing is *Aſtronomy*? what a man in the Moon, Will' With the wiſp, Jack with the Lantern? 'tis all a bubble, a cheat and impoſture. But as for *Euclid* he is ſtout, ſincere and ſolid at the bottom. But I muſt tell you, *Sir*, that it was a little

tle

tle too triumphantly done, to *defy me to pick out ten Clergy-men not fit to diſcharge their duty*, when you had got ſuch a *demonſtration*, that there could not be ſo much as one in the whole *Nation*. It was ill husbandry in you to ſpend ſo much defiance upon me alone, when your reaſons were big enough to have challenged the whole world.

Not leſs admirable and full are your *Anſwers*, than your *demonſtrations* are binding. I enquire, ſuppoſe, how thoſe two hundred that uſually commence ſhall be maintained or live. Live? *I anſwer* (ſay you) *firſt in general that they do live ſomewhere.* For as long as we do not hear that they dye in a ditch, or are knocked on the head, or ſtarved; ſo long we have ſufficient reaſon to conclude that they are all alive, and *enough is as good as a feaſt*; and the beſt of all can deſire no more than to live. But after this general proof of

their

their *Mataphyſical exiſtence*; then you ſet upon a more *particular* reſolution of the caſe. Two hundred it ſeems I hold yearly commence. *Now*, ſay you, *let us bring things a little to ſtandard, and but obſerve cloſely how our ſmall Conjecturer talks at randome. Firſt of all*, ſay you, *many Gentlemen commence, then Lawyers Common and Civil, then Phyſicians, and then a fifth part are preferr'd in the Univerſity: and if all theſe were deducted out of his two hundred, the remnant will not be very great.* Six or ſeven I ſuppoſe or thereabouts. But however, *Sir*, If you pleaſe we'l a little examine this ſame *remnant*; a *fifth part*, ſay you, *I muſt deduct becauſe I have ſaid ſo*; Well: let that go: I won't repent; that's *fourty*. Next, the *Common Lawyers* are to be deducted. Let me ſee. I cannot afford above *four* at the moſt; for moſt of them go to the *Inns of Courts*, before they take any *degree*: And I care not much if I allow

low *four* more for Civil Law, and as many for *Phyſick*, and then I'le give you *ſix* to *commence* that intend no calling at all (which is more by half than I need to do) and then out of pure love, I'le fling in *two* more, all which put together make juſt *ſixty*. Now if theſe ſame *ſixty* be carefully taken out of two *hundred* according to the beſt rules which either Ancient or Modern *Arithmeticians* have laid down for this great affair; I am cruelly afraid that there will remain an *hundred* and *fourty*. A jolly company I profeſs for a *remnant*! but however let them go: they'l make ſhift well enough, ſo long as you know a way how to make them all *exiſt*.

The next thing that I muſt get you to promiſe me is, that you would not gheſs where men *dwell*. For it is nothing to your purpoſe: and beſides many a phanſie and jeſt is loſt if you ſhould chance to be miſtaken. I ſhall beg leave,

Sir, to preſs this upon you only in two or three inſtances. If you remember, *Sir*, at the very firſt *Page* of all your *Book*, you fall into a moſt diſmal ſtrong fit, that *T. B.* and *R. L.* are all one: and that they are intended only for blinds, to cheat and gull the world. Now I muſt in the firſt place tell you that *W. S.* was the firſt that found out this; and therefore you muſt not look upon your ſelf as the *Authour* of that *ſuſpicion*: only he did not make ſo good a *quibble* as you did. but to go on, *Sir*, I pray why are you ſo very miſtruſtful? what? have you beſpoak or bought up all the *R. Ls.* in the *Nation*, that you will not let a man have one? or is the *family* ſo very ſmall, that amongſt them all there ſhould not be one poor dear *R. L.* that ſhould fall to my ſhare? fear not, *Sir*; for upon my word if you were acquainted with them, ſo well as I am, you would acknowledge the *R. Ls.* to be a very large and ſpreading *family*:

There's

There's a plentiful *ſtock* of them in *Middleſex*, and ſeveral in other parts of the *Nation*. And if amongſt all theſe there be but *one*, whom it is worth the while to admire, to obſerve or ſend *Letter* to; then as to your *Greek quibble*, of πρὸς ἑαυτὸν you are as utterly undone, as ever was Oyſter. Suppoſe you had writ by way of a *Letter*, and directed yours to *Z. X.* do you think that I would have ſuſpected your integrity, or intereſt in that ſmall *family*; and abuſe you with the outſide of *Antonimus*. How do I know what intereſt you may have or make? I am confident there is no true gentle *Engliſh* ſpirit, but would have ſcorn'd to have done as you did. And then after you had abuſed one in *Greek*, calling me τὶς μέγας, and πρὸς ἑαυτὸν, your malice muſt hold out to *Latin* too, *Qui neſcit ſimulare neſcit vivere.* Whereas all the world will ſay, that know any thing concerning the *T. Bs*, that they are as far from

flattery and falſe heartedneſs, as all your Greek and Latin that you crowd together is from any wit.

It was, Sir, a little more modeſtly done, what you ſay in the following *page*, viz. that I write ſo as if I had been *Secretary to ſome Committee of plunder'd Miniſters in the bleſſed times.* For you do not abſolutely ſay that you ſtood juſt behind me, when I leaped a yard and half to ſnap at the *Covenant*. Neither are you certainly ſure that I am an *Anabaptiſt*, *Independent* or the like: but only that any one may gheſs that I am of ſome *Reformado Congregation*, by my ſtile and canting expreſſions, and way of talking: *much* (ſay you) *is the proper and Characteriſtical note of a ſeparatiſt.* Thou art a moſt excellent *characteriſtical gheſſer indeed.* I'd have the *Catholick Church* employ you to gheſs what the *Turk* does really intend in his heart, and how much hurt he can poſſibly do to the *Chriſtian*

ſtian Religion. You can eaſily do it, *Sir*, by your *ſigns* and *badges*, by your *Characteriſts* and *indications*. O it is a moſt admirable thing to have quick ſenſes, and to be able to compare things, and lay all ends together right! and to find out a *Separatiſt* only by his *whip* and *ſaddle-cloth*: and to be ſo tender-noſed as to ſmell a *Fanatick* as far as another man ſhall do *broil'd Herrings*, or a *burnt froiſe*. But do you hear, *Sir*; have you quite forgot ſince you were at my houſe, when *Tyrannus his Sequeſtrators* and *Troopers* carried away my whole Stable of Horſes, not leaving me ſo much as old Sorrel to ride on? and do you remember nothing of your coming to ſee me when I was kept cloſe Priſoner at *Baſing-houſe* for carrying a Letter privately to his *Majeſty*? theſe are moſt *Characteriſtical* notes of a *Separatiſt*. I beſeech you, dear *Sir*, don't gheſs any more, you had better work all out of your own phanſie, when you intend to abuſe

one: and ſay that which ſhall certainly and preſently take: and not what may poſſibly be a *jeſt*, if you be not miſtaken, or if I pleaſe. You know, *Sir*, you have ordered me to be a *Doctor*: which if I will accept of, then to be called *Mountebank* and *Apothecary* are great diſcouragements. But ſuppoſe I am already engaged in the *Tin-mines*: or am in no haſt of Commencing, then when I ſhall be pleaſed to go out *Doctor*, you may poſſibly creep out for a *ſmall wit*.

Thus, *Sir*, you tell me (*pag.* 84.) that *you have a fine ſtory for me, and that you will give me the honour to bear a conſiderable part in it.* Now, I tell you, that I do not intend to receive any Honour from you, nor any diſgrace, nor to be concerned in any ſtory that you can tell, unleſs you can find out where my *Baſtards* are at Nurſe. Can't you live where you liſt, and let me do ſo too? I ſhall not enquire

quire after you, I'le aſſure you; nay I would not know you, if you ſhould lay me down half a Crown towards it. I tell you therefore once again, I don't live any where, nor ever intend (as far as you ſhall know) to live any where, but only to *exiſt*, after that manner you provide for the younger Clergy. But, ſay you, I muſt needs know him, and have him live ſomewhere, or elſe the beſt ſtory and the greateſt piece of wit in my whole Book, will be utterly ſpoiled. Well! becauſe I am willing to encourage all witty attempts though they be never ſo ſlender, therefore for once I'le hear ſome of your fine ſtory (upon condition you'l engage never to gheſs again.)

Belike then in the firſt place you give me to underſtand, that *in your travails you met with a certain Covent where there was an ancient Pigeon-houſe, but the inhabitants were all fled.* The beſt way certainly will be to roaſt a *Cat*, and

beſprinkle her with *cummin ſeed*. They ſay this will fetch back the creatures again preſently, if they were not very much offended. And thereupon, *Sir*, I mentioned the buſineſs to the Cat: (for you know *Boccaline can make a Cat to ſpeak.*) Puſſe, *ſaid I, we have loſt all our* Pigeons, *and thou knoweſt as well as any man in* France *that a* Covent *without* Pigeons *is like a* Cow *without* Cymbals; *and therefore if thou wilt reſign up thy ſelf to the* Spit, *and be* roaſted *for the bringing home of the Pigeons*; thy Picture ſhall be hung in the Library, thou ſhalt be ſhown with the Phœnix's feathers and Remora's finnes, *and be conſtantly commemorated with the* Benefactors. Upon which the *Cat*, firſt kiſſing her foot, purr'd, and ſaid. *Sir, I muſt always acknowledge the great favours that I have received from this* place: *for whereas for many years I liv'd only upon courſe* Mice *and* Rats; *now I have my belly full of* Triangles, *and* Pyramids, Globes

and

and Circles: *But as to what you propound concerning my being* roaſted, *I muſt confeſs I am not altogether* free; *becauſe I remember my* Grandſire *once told me that it was much worſe than a* ſieve *and* ſciſſars; *and therefore charged me, as I loved my life, to avoid it as the moſt vile of all* Conjurations. *But this*, Sir, *I'le do if you pleaſe; I'le wait upon* them, *and let them know that if they'l come home again they ſhall be very civilly reſpected, have every morning a peck of* Peaſe, *and once a week freſh* Salt-Peter: But whether they'l come or not upon this invitation, I cannot yet tell.

The next piece of honour you do me is to let me know that there be people belonging to this foreſaid *Covent*, that *have beards above a cubit long*. Indeed, *Sir*, you would have added very much to this kindneſs of yours, if you had been pleaſed to have diſcovered what *cubit* you meant; for amongſt the Learned I find there be five ſeveral ſorts of *Cubits*: The firſt kind of *Cubit*

(called

(called the common) containeth one foot and a half, meaſured from the ſharp of the elbow, to the point of the middle finger. The ſecond, (*the palm cubit*) taketh one handful, more then the common. The third, is called *Regius Cubitus*, or the *Perſian Cubit*, which exceedeth the common *Cubit* three inches. The fourth, is the *ſacred Cubit*, which containeth the Common or vulgar *Cubit* double, wanting but a quarter or fourth part. Laſtly, there is a fifth *Cubit*, called *Geometricaly*, which containeth ſix common *Cubits*. Now when you ſay *Above* a *Cubit*; if you chance to mean this ſame laſt ſort of *Cubits*, and withal let but *Above* ſignifie a good way bit, the Story thereby will become much the ſtranger; and your telling of it the greater favour. But then, as to what you tell me, that *you being invited to dinner, obſerved that every man ſate down where he pleaſed, and fell to, where he liked beſt.* Give me leave, *Sir*, to tell you, that I am afraid that a great part of this

is

is of your own invention: for how is it likely that every man ſhould ſit down according to his *own mind*, becauſe another might have a mind to ſit in the *ſame place*; and therefore ſome of them muſt be diſappointed; unleſs you will grant *penetration of bodies*, which, you know, neither your Philoſopher nor mine will by any means allow: and as to what you ſay of every man falling to, where he liked beſt, it is ſuch a τὸ καινότατον, that I do not intend to believe one tittle of it, till at leaſt 7 years after the Sea be burnt. What? for every one of them to fall to where he liked beſt! *Credat Judæus Apella!* 'tis *Epicuriſme*, *Sadduciſme*, *Sorcery*, *Extortion*, and I know not how much more beſides: and indeed it cannot poſſibly be leſs; eſpecially, if we do but conſider, what ſtrange kind of *Idolatrous* diet theſe *Covent Raſcals* feed upon. *They have alrady eat up almoſt all the fifteen Books of* Euclid: *they make no more of a* Pentagon *or* Pyramid, *than a* Porter *would*

do

do of a farthing Custard. *And if there be not some stop put to them, they'l be for fresh pasture shortly; and gobble down* Archimedes *too. Nay, I won't trust them, to stick at the* Polyglott Lexicon *it self: There's that* snarling cur, *and son of a Bitch* Boccaline, *can shew them the way; his teeth are ready set for such a design, and to fall on, if they'l but follow him: he has made havock of all* Religion *already, and abused and discouraged all* witty *and* saving *preaching. I suppose next he'l be for the* Word *of* God *it self, and set his* Eleutherians *to eat up the* Bible, *as well as they have done,* Euclid; *if some care be not taken with him. And then we shall neither have left a* Demonstration *from the* Broad Seal, *nor* Divine Authority *to withstand and confound the wicked. Oh that I had but this gurning Rogue* Boccaline *in an iron chest! I'd take down the* drumminess *of his* gut, *without goose grease, I'd learn him to rail against fasts, and to stuff his ungodly paunch, with* circles

and

and cylinders; *and* to unhinge the Government. *O that the* High Commiſſion Court *would but awake once again, and appoint a time and place for his ſuffering at the* Market croſs! *How many miles would I ride to ſee ſuch villany chaſtiſed? and how many Hen's neſts would I examine, to pelt his impudent forehead that ſtands* before, *and to* eggifie *his* ſhe-Aſſes *mane that hangs behind?* But my dear, my duck, my ſweet, my honey: I prithee, why ſo very fierce and furious? You tell me that you know a place where there's a company of *Phantaſticks*, *Sotts*, *Hypocrites*, and *Atheiſts; who deſpiſe all the world, eat and drink till they can't ſee, abuſe all Religion, believe no life but the preſent, and that had a good Library of Books, but ordered all them to be burnt.* Now, if you'd have my opinion in the caſe, to make up *the harmony of things*, I would have every one of them to be *hang'd*; and, I think, that's as fair as any man in the world can ſay.

It is very ſtrange to obſerve the great difference that is in *Climats*. It is ſtoried of a certain ſort of people living towards the *South*, whoſe ears are ſo very large, that the one reaches down to *mid-leg*; and attends to all that's done *below*: the other ſtands right up into the ſky, like a large cabbage leaf, and liſtens to all that comes from *above*; upon the ſame accompt their *eyes* are accordingly placed: for they have one juſt at the *bottom* of the *foot*, the other is fixed upon the very crown of the head: Theſe people are very much given to ſoft *corns* upon the left foot, they never fail of one about the bigneſs of an ordinary Pillion, which they lay under their head in ſtead of a bolſter. They have a great kindneſs for *Trypes* and *Cow-heels*: but that which they chiefly worſhip is a *Calfe's gin*, ſtuffed full of ſix penny *nayls*. If any thing offends their ſtomach, they take two or three pounds of lead or iron, and wrapping it up in a *hedge-hogs skins*, ſwal-

low

low it whole: the *pores* of their body are very near as large as thoſe of a *Nutmeg-grater*, and ſo they had need; for they never *piſs* but once a month, and never go to ſtool but once a *quarter*; and that exactly upon the *quarterday*, except it be *Leap-year*; theſe people, for the moſt part are kind, and obliging; only they have got a ſcurvy cuſtom of *pickling* moſt of their *children* at three years of Age: and after a great froſt, they eat them, with *gunpowder* and *muſtard*; about three months ago, one of them was *burnt* for maintaining that an *Eele* was a living creature. The greateſt part of them hold with the *Balo ſurgians*, that the *Sun* is only an *Oxe's* liver: that the *heavens* turn round upon a *farthing candle*: and that the *earth*, ſome time or other, will take a frolick, and run into the *Sea*, and ſo make a *huge haſty pudden*.

Now, *Sir*, I muſt deſire of you that you would do your ſelf ſo much right, as to bear a part in this *Story*.

I hope you'l interpret all candidly: there's no foul play at all; 'tis only *trick for trick*: You may eaſily perceive where your ſhare lies; as alſo in another, which I have out of a very *learned Author*, ſuch as you chiefly trade in. You know, *Sir*, you tell me, *pag.* 49. how horribly *Theſmopolis*'s beard was abuſed by a *Roman Ladies bitch*. I know there is ſome deadly Moral, or other, Intended for we; and therefore I muſt deſire you to take this one *trick more*.

Calliſthnes *King of* Sicyon, *having a Daughter marriageable, commanded that it ſhould be proclaimed at the Games of* Olympus, *that he that would be counted* Calliſthenes's *Son in Law, ſhould within ſixty days repair to* Sicyon. *When many Woers had met together*, Hippoclides *the* Athenian, *Son of* Tiſander, *ſeemed the fitteſt: but when he had trod the* Laconick *and* Antick *meaſure, and had perſonated them with his legs and arms*, Calliſthenes *ſtomaching it, ſaid,*

O thou Son of Tiſander! *thou haſt danced away my daughter.* I cannot conveniently ſtand to explain it, becauſe I have one thing more to requeſt of you, *viz.* that you do not abſolutely pronounce ſuch things to be flams, forgeries and whiskers, which for ought you know, may be all ſolid, and *maſſy* truths.

I have heard ſome people ſay, that you did not write the *Preface*: but do you think I would venture to ſay ſo, unleſs I certainly knew it? No, I would not do it for my right hand; for though it is ſaid towards the latter end of it, that you have ſome charity for *T. B.* which makes me doubt whether it be yours, (you having not ſo much for him in your whole *Book*, as will lie upon a knifes point:) yet all the beginning of it ſmells ſo very rank of your own kind of *reaſoning*, that it can ſcarce poſſibly be any bodies elſe but your own; unleſs you would give one five or ten pieces to imitate and labour out ſo much Nonſenſe

I ſay therefore once again, ſuppoſe you have a mind to believe that ſuch and ſuch things are no where to be found, either in *printed Sermons*, nor were ever preached out of the *Pulpit*: I adviſe you by all means that you do not preſently run on, and ſay, this is a very flam; that's a moſt deadly whisker; here's right down coyning, and forgery; there's hammering and filing in abundance: but rather put on your night-cap, and be very much afraid: bind up your head very cloſe, and fall to doubting, ſuſpecting, miſtruſting as hard as ever you can. But, I beſeech you, go not one inch further, till you have conſidered and ſaid thus to your ſelf. *Have I read all the* Sermons *that were ever* printed *ſince* ——? *and do I exactly remember every ſentence that is in them? was there never two men in* England *preached upon the ſame Text? and can I, like St.* John Baptiſt's *head, be at all the Pariſhes in the Nation, at the ſame time; and hear all the Sermons*

that

that were ever preached? If T. B. *happens to be at* St. Antholins *upon a* Sunday, *muſt the* bells *be ſtopt, and he not ſuffered to go to* Church *till I be ſent for from* Edingborough? *and was there never yet one in the world, that thought it lawful to alter his* Copy? Theſe and ſuch like things, I would have you conſider of, before you be abſolute, and peremptory; for upon my word, if you do otherwiſe, you'l find a very great inconvenience of it: for inſtance: you are of opinion that no one ever preached upon κύριοι, after that manner, that I have deſcribed; and why? becauſe you heard once a man upon that *Text*, that did not do ſo; but only juſt reflected upon the word κύριοι, ſignifying *Lords*. Well; take that man to your ſelf; much good may he do you: but now *Logick!* now *Wheel-barrow!* may not I, for all that, have another man that did inſiſt upon it, three quarters of a good *ſtandable Engliſh* hour together? You may call it *gliding*, *glanc-*

ing or *reflecting*; I call it preaching. I tell you I have ſuch an one, and will have him in ſpight of your teeth; and you ſhall not have one bit of him. Neither could I poſſibly ever intend to meddle with yours; for I verily think I know whom you mean; and I never heard that in his whole life he did ſo much as name the word κύριοι upon any ſuch occaſion, till a long time after my *Letter* was Printed: and now how can I help it; if he be offended, or think himſelf ſlandered? So you tell me that *you know a very worthy Perſon, who preaching upon that of St.* Matth. *Seek ye firſt the Kingdom of God, did only obſerve* in tranſitu, *that Monarchy was the beſt Government.* It may be ſo; it was well for him: but for all that, I have, I'le aſſure you, one that was in no ſuch great haſt at all. I perceive, *Sir*, you are moſt wofully afraid that I ſhould want vent for my *Stories*: but, I muſt tell you plainly and truly, that they ſcramble for them ſo faſt that I have not half

half enough: there be no leſs than three ſeveral men that do offer to take off that concerning Faith, Hope and Charity off my hands: but I deſire them to forbear; for it is already promiſed. Another ſends me word from about *Epping* in *Eſſex* (it is no *flam* I profeſs) that he'l undertake for all that buſineſs about the *Text* being like a *Sun-Dial*, if I'd alter but two or three things; to which I anſwered, No; for I had not mine near that place by above fourſcore miles: but if he would take it altogether, as I found it, he ſhould be very welcome: and I have one that will engage, think you as you will, not only for *flanking*, *rering*, *intrenching*, &c. but for forty more *Military terms* than I mentioned; and you muſt know that I did not tell you half that *Aſtronomy* which I heard in a *Countrey Village*; and, for a need, I could tell you the reſt, and neve uſe either forge, file, or hammer. And now, me thinks *ex pede Herculem*, would do much

better for me than for you, if you had not got it away first. *Parſon ſlip-ſtockin*, ſay you, *quitted the ſtage long ſince:* ſo he might perhaps; but, if he did, I'le ſwear he came again: for the man died but a little before *Eaſter* laſt; and *the Triangular heart of man, ſay you, is as old as* Pauls: Let it be as old as it will; but, for all that, I'll lay a *pot* and a *cake* that I'le ſhew it in a *Sermon* printed within theſe ſeven years, and bring you at leaſt three or four men that have preached it within the ſame compaſs of time. I profeſs, *Sir*, you had a great deal better not be altogether ſo forward to charge people with *flams* and *whiskers*, when as the great *rappers* are wholly upon your own ſide. I do acknowledge that I added——*Silveſtrem tenui* to quicken a little *hic labor hoc opus*, and *per varios caſus*——Which methought went off but heavily alone; and I do ſuppoſe that the points of the *Compaſs* are not in the *Original*; and no body but a *Child* could

could have thought they had: and I care not much if I let you know besides, that amongst that which I quoted, I did mistake one word; and if you had but hit on't, then *Boccaline* had been a *Rogue* to purpose. I shall not help you in the case, make it your business: all that I shall say is this, that it was since the Conquest.

And thus, *Sir*, I have given you my reasons why I do not at present answer your *Book*: and I desire that the same may serve, why I never intend to answer it; nor any such: the *Preface* I must confess, were I not in great hast, might deserve some little peculiar respect, for the sake of two as *pretty*, *pretty objections*, as ever were devised. I shall only reverentially mention them, and keep the same awful distance from them, as from the rest of your *Book*, not daring to meddle with such *impregnable pieces*. The first horrible absurdity that I have committed is this, *viz.* That I should pretend (as I do in my *Preface*,)

face (to have a ſpecial reverence for the *Clergy of England*, and yet go about to give reaſons in the *Book*, why ſome of the *Clergy* are contemned: and beſides (which is far worſe) ſhould put in the word *Contempt* into the very Title Page, which is, I know not how many Leagues off from *Reverence*. Now, ſay you, let all the men in the World make theſe things hang together. Yes? let them; for I don't intend to try.

The next abſurdity that you catch me in is this, *viz.* that I ought not to have enquired into what I did; becauſe it was done *either for the information of my ſelf, or of others*: (for belike there's no back door to make any eſcape at.) *If of himſelf; what need was there of its being Printed? Could not he have locked up himſelf cloſe in his Study, and there have enlightned and clarified his own underſtanding; Or could not he have gone into a Grove, and there (for his own information) have ſaid it over ſoftly to himſelf, and come home again with*

with his lips close shut? It remains therefore, as plain as can be, that he must needs Print his Letter, *that others might read it: and if so, then would I fain understand, whether they knew of it before, or not: if they did, then this is full out as idle and absurd as to* inform *himself; and if they did not, then your only design must be* to unhinge the Government: for 'tis just like a firework in the powder-room; it blows up all into confusion, and brings in Sedition and Schisme, as thick as Hogs go to *Rumford.*

Sir, you must needs excuse me, that I cannot stay to reply to this, because there's a new *Brother* of yours with a deadly *hard name*, that I must say two or three words to; and therefore in great hast farewel.

T. B.

R. L. *is well, and presents his service to you.*

A LETTER To T. D. THE AUTHOR OF Hieragonisticon, OR Corah's Doom.

From T. B.

The Third Edition.

Μητρὶ σὺν οὐρανίῃ φλογερὼ τρομέουσα φαρέτρῳ.

London, Printed by *R. H.* for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

A LETTER To C. B. THE AUTHOR OF Pharagonstricon, OR Corah's Doom.

From T. B.

The Third Edition.

Μῆτε σὺ ἐρεῖν φλογικὴ τρεμέτω φαρέτρα.

London; Printed by K. H. for Obadiah Blagrave at the Sign of the Dear in St. Paul's Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

A LETTER, &c.

Devonſhire, Jan. 20. 1671.

SIR,

UNderſtanding that you are very much concerned for my welfare (as appears at large by ſeveral places in your *Letter*,) and having not the convenience to let you know ſo by the *Gazette*, according as you deſired; theſe are only to acquaint you, that (thanks be to God) I am in very good bodily health at the preſent writing hereof, wiſhing that you had been as well in your *wits*, when you writ your *Book*. My *Wife* remembers her love to you, and

and thanks you for ſending me to the *Devil*. *Bette* had ſent you a cake, but ſhe, poor child! was *correpta* with, an ague about the laſt *æquinox*, wherewith ſhe is ſo *valde dilacerated* that ſhe has *parum* left but skin and bones. We durſt not venture upon the *Jeſuits powder*, leſt the *Ague* ſhould have gone out, and the *Devil* and the *Pope* ſhould have enter'd in. Laſt *Market day* wheat was three ſhillings a *Buſhel* at *Exeter*. But——tuſh; not a word of the *Captain*. Becauſe the *Dun Cow* went a *maskarado* laſt night, and is not as yet returned. Upon the fourth of this month our neighbour *Geoffrey's* barn was eclipſed *ab ovo ad mala*. And the night before *Widdow Wamford* was *vulpeculated* of her *brood Gooſe*.——*latet anguis in Herbâ*. The *Turkie Cock* grows very melancholy——*Sed fortiter occupa portum*. Mr. *Davis* does not at all queſtion, but he ſhall get a Decree in *Chauncery*.

You may poſſibly hereupon think,

Sir,

Sir, that I have read your *Book*: but if you do, you are much miſtaken. For ſo long as I can get *Tolambus*'s Hiſtory of *muſtard*, *Frederigo*'s devaſtation of *Pepper*, and the *Dragon* with cutts; *Mandringo*'s *Piſmires* rebuffetted, and retro-confounded, *Is qui nil dubitat*, or a *flie-flap* againſt the maggot of *Hæreſie*, *efflorescentia floſculorum*, or a choice collection of the elegancies of F. *Wither's Poems*, or the like, I do not intend to meddle with it. Alaſs! *Sir*, I am ſo unlikely to read your *Book*, that I can't get down the *Title*, no more then a *duck* can ſwallow a *yok'd Heifer*. How Is it? **Hieragoniſticon**, Or——but hold——let me ſee——tuſh——have a care——*latet anguis*——not a word——*vulpes*——tread ſoftly——there's a Bear——once more——on——*Ieſuits Powder*——**Hieragoniſticon**, *Sir*, without the *Or*, is more than I can digeſt theſe twelve months. And whereas you ſubſcribe your ſelf, *T. D.* you ought

to

to have gone on *E.F.G.H.I.K.* &c. but I pray, *Sir*, was not **hieragonisticon** enough for your *Heliogabulusship*? was not that sufficiently confoundative, debellitave, and depopulative? but you must put in——or *Corah's Doom*, If you had had such a mind to an Or——it should have been thus. *Beroza Almacantherah*: or a mouse-trap to catch *Moles*. *Damonico——Diabolico——Satanico——Trefleamiano:* or a certain amulet against the *Devil* and *fleas*, *Phlogerosticon——polu teraſtaton——Boroaſton: or Oliver's Porter got out* of *Bedlam* with his breeches full of *Bibles*, raging against the *whore* of *Babylon*.

I tell you once again that I have not as yet read your *Book*, neither do I ever intend to read it. I heard some people say, that have ſtag'd it over, that you hold a *God*, the *Trinity*, *Providence*, the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures*, the *Proteſtant Religion* to be the beſt, *&c.* and hold many of theſe things ſo violently

violently, that you prove them twenty or thirty pages together. I have nothing therefore to ſay to you, but only to let you know that I firmly believe all thoſe things; and I believe beſides (which is no more than the reſt of the *world* do) that you are quite out of your *wits*, and are run away from your *keepers*. And therefore inſtead of reading your book, in the firſt place I adviſe you to ſhave very cloſe all the hair off your Crown. You need not fear turning *Friar*, you may lay on an *antipapal plaiſter*, that ſhall certainly ſecure you. Then take away fifty or threeſcore ounces of *blood*, at ſeveral times, according as it ſhall be found that you come to your ſelf. If you make uſe of *Leeches* be ſure that they be well cleans'd. If you purge, uſe very gentle things, ſuch as Manna and Syrup of Roſes, which they give to *children* and *mad men*. Till your diſtemper abates, avoid all ſtrong meats, *Tobacco*, hot ſpices, and eſpecially *Coffee*, for

the *powder* has been sometimes observed to settle into a *Saracens head* at the bottom of the dish. And above all things have a great care of studying, or of writing of *Books*, till your head be better; and of sleeping upon your back. For the vapours will be apt to rise, and you'l dream of nothing but *invasions*, *inquisitions*, *gun-powder plots*, *spiritual Maskarados*, *Popery* and *Atheism*. When you have observed, *Sir*, these directions for a while, and that your brain be a little cool'd, I desire that you would look over your own Book again; and then I do not question, but that you'l freely forgive not only me, but all the rest of the world that can't read it.

T. B.

A LETTER TO IO. From T. B.

The Third Edition.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, over against the little North Door, 1685.

A LETTER, &c.

SIR,

JUſt as the foregoing *papers* were ready for the Preſs, I happen'd upon ſeven *Sermons* of *W. B*'s Printed ſince his death. Before which, I found ſtanding an *Epiſtle* to the *Reader* from your ſelf; beginning with a very large and ſolemn commendation of the departed *Divine's* labours, both in *Print* and *Preaching*: that, think I, it is not for me to help: for ſome people take a delight to *commend* things only out of *ſpight*: But, reading a little further, I perceived that, I muſt be pull'd in to thruſt forward *W. B*'s praiſes; or at leaſt to defend his *writings* againſt thoſe, that thought

them very blameable, and good for little. For, say you, *this Reverend Author's labours have already praised him in the gate, and his name and memory will continue like a precious ointment, notwithstanding the vain endeavours of some to make both himself and his writings ridiculous: for there's a late Author* (meaning I suppose *T. B.*) *who shewes that there's as much folly in the preaching of the Conformists as of* W. B. *and such as are of his way.* Now, in the first place, I must desire you to unbelieve all that you have said; for, this is to let you know, that I was never able to shew any such thing at all, and that if I should go about it, my parts would not hold out to do it.

Some of you I believe, were not a little pleased with my *first Letter*: Taking me for a very hopeful and towardly *Fanatick* (which I could never give my mind to as yet, and I suppose never shall) and thought that my design was to ballance the

impru-

imprudences of ſome of our *Clergy*, againſt the *follies* and *frenzy* of your *party*. I tell you truly, I did endeavour to relate very freely what I found *ſober* and *judicious men* to blame amongſt ſome of our *Preachers*: but when you appoint me to make out, that ſuch of our *Clergy* who are too painful in dividing of a *Text*, or too careleſs in chooſing their prefaces, *&c.* are to be compared with your *people*, who are not only full out as blameable in that *very kind*, but whoſe whole diſcourſes under pretence of *inſpiration* and great acquaintance with the *Scriptures*, *&c.* ſhall be nothing elſe but *madneſs* and *diſtraction*, *noiſe*, *cheat*, and *words*, I muſt then tell you, that you give me a task ſo very unreaſonable, as I am no ways able to perform it: and truly I am the more unwilling to undertake it, becauſe I am much diſcourag'd by the late *writings* of two very learned and Worthy *Authors*: viz. the *Friendly Debates*:

and *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*. Whom you think fit, I pereeive, in your *Epiſtle*, to let paſs for a couple of pretty, phanſiful and *witty men*: but I am afraid, *Sir*, you have to your ſhame, ſo far felt the very great weight of their *judgements*, as well as the briskneſs of their *phanſies*, that you'l ſcarce ever be throughly reconciled again, either to *wit* or *underſtanding*.

And truly, no body need much to wonder why you ſhould fear that *Religion* it ſelf would be *contemn'd and ſlighted by the practices of ſuch witty men*. For, when you had brought your ſelf into notorious diſgrace by going about to rèply to *Books*, which neither *your ſelf* nor all your *party* was able to ſay word to: then you thought of *another anſwer*: which was, that you would e'en turn *Martyr*, and be *perſecuted* and *ſuffer* with *Religion* it ſelf; which you now found very much to languiſh, being made ridiculous and contemptible by thoſe very

ſame

ſame men, that had *juſtly* made *you* ſo.

Neither again is it at all ſtrange, that you ſhould eſteem thoſe ſame *witty mens endeavours to be in vain*; becauſe one may gheſs at the full reach and extent of your *judgement* by the commendations you give of thoſe *Sermons*. Which *though you hope* (as you ſay) *are free from all exception*, yet he that looks but very little into them will ſoon ſee that they are as full of *ſlovenly Metaphors*, of *canting phraſes* and *nonſenſical applications of Scripture*, as ever any *Book* was, that *W. B.* or any body elſe *Printed*. And becauſe you think that *W. B*'s *writings* are very ſound in themſelves, and only made *ridiculous* by *witty men*: therefore I ſhall only *tranſcribe* ſome few places, by which it may appear, whether there's any need of *wit*, to help them to be *ridiculous*.

In the firſt place I offer to any mans judgement (let him live as far off as he will, from the cenſorious *Church* of *England*, ſo he does but underſtand

underſtand *ſence*) whether it was at all prudent, modeſt, or reverential for *W. B.* to ſay, that *none but God alone can rate off Satan:* though he explains himſelf, and ſhews whence he had the *Metaphor:* as he does, thus: *viz. If a great Dog or Maſtiff be worrying a Child or a Sheep, a ſtranger comes and ſtrikes him, and calls him off, but the Dog takes no notice of him, but when the Maſter comes, he rates him off preſently; none but the Maſter can do it. So here it is, none but God that can rate off Satan from worrying the poor drooping ſoul, when it is upon temptation, none but God the Maſter.*

I deſire alſo to know by what Laws of *Rhetorick* he tells us, that *there's a time when God will hew down ſinners, and lay them upon the ground, a dying for hell:* and that *people that are upon God's Work muſt not pocket up*: And mend ſuch things which would be very harſh and nauſeous to any perſon of underſtanding, and make him very loth to

rely

rely upon ſuch a *judgement* as yours.

Neither do I think, that any Body will ſuddainly truſt you again, for a *recommender* of *Sermons*, when he finds ſuch *idle* and *extravagant cantings*; as *God's croſſing of hands in our ſalvation*, *of reading of Graces*, *and Gathering up of Evidences*. Becauſe 'tis ſaid in *Scripture* that *the laſt ſhall be firſt*, *and the firſt laſt*: therefore ſays *W. B. there's croſſing of hands in our ſalvation*; *and God doth croſs hands in the matter of our comforts*. *when* Jacob *bleſſed* Joſeph's *two children he croſt his hands*: *ſo God when he comes to comfort does croſs hands*. *We find ſometimes that the greateſt ſinners are converted and ſooneſt comforted*: *Now what is this but croſſing of hands in the matter of our comforts*; *and whence is the free Grace of God more abundantly manifeſted to the ſoul*, *but by this croſſing of hands*? *a rich man ſhall hardly enter into the Kingdom of heaven*; *and what is this but only to ſhew that*

God

God doth often croſs hands in the matter of our ſalvation. Friends, ſtay but a little until the day of Judgement, and then you will ſee what croſſing of hands there will be. Now when any body reads ſuch idle ſtuff as this, I pray, *Sir*, do you think he need ſend for a *witty man* to make it *ridiculous*?

Neither need the *witty man* be ſent for to make him laugh at that which *W. B.* has concerning peoples *reading of their Graces*, viz. *When a man is under great temptations, ſorrows, and afflictions, it is a hard thing to read his Graces; ſome will ſay they cannot read their Graces; they lie at the bottom: As to explain it, take this plain compariſon: There are many Fiſhes in a fiſh-pond, but now in rainy and foul weather the fiſh lie all at the bottom, and are not to be ſeen; but in fair weather the fiſh ſwim and are viſible: So if it be foul weather upon a Soul, if it be dark and gloomy weather, the Soul cannot read his Graces; but now when God ſhines upon him, then he is inabled to read them;*

them; yea though his Graces lie at the bottom, as I may ſay, yet the poor Soul is able to read them; and if it be ſo, it is no ſmall thing, it is no ſmall matter to read our Graces, our other Graces. And I believe the *witty man* may ſtay at home, and yet the Work will go on apace about *gathering up of Evidences. You know* (ſays your *Reverend Divine*) *how it is with a countrey man that makes hay; the hay lies abroad, and he ſees a black cloud a coming, and he calls to his men to cock up, and gather up the hay: Why, look into the Nation and ſee what a cloud is over us, this calls upon the people of God to gather up their Evidences: Here is a black cloud over us; O all ye people of God, gather up your Evidences:* that is, cock up for *Heaven.*

I am, *Sir*, in ſomewhat more than ordinary haſt, or elſe I would a little further endeavour to make you think it more convenient to read *Books* better before you *commend* them, or at leaſt not to challenge the

World

World to find fault with them. However I cannot omit to take notice how ſtrong *W. B*'s parts were to his very dying day, at commanding and applying of *Scripture*,

I ſuppoſe, *Sir*, you could not but take ſpecial notice of that melting obſervation that *your friend* has concerning *Brotherly love*, *viz.* that *there are oftimes breakings and looſings in the love of the Saints*. But this is nothing in reſpect of that clear *Paraphraſe* which from hence he makes upon that of *St. John*: a *new Commandment I give unto you, that you love one another*: For ſays he, becauſe many times there are *breakings and looſings in the love of Saints*, *upon this accompt it is, that the Commandement of Love is called a new Commandment, becauſe it is broken ſo often, and ſo often renewed again*. I would by all means have you endeavour to get Mr. *Poole* to enter down this note of your *friends*, when he comes at *S. John*: for this will certainly add very much to the *preti-*

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ouſneſs of his *name* and *memory*.

Neither ought he to be forgotten, neither I believe will he, for pouring forth ſuch abundance of *Scripture Hiſtory* upon *one Obſervation* which he makes in his *ſeventh Sermon*, viz. *thoſe that intend to honour God muſt go forth and meet God*; Abraham *and* Lot *intended to honour the Angel, and therefore they went forth to meet him*; Joſeph *would honour his Father* Jacob, *and therefore he went forth to meet him.* Moſes *would honour his Father* Jethro, *and therefore he went forth to meet him*: Abigail *would honour* David, *and therefore ſhe went forth to meet him*: Martha *would honour Chriſt, and therefore went out to meet him*: Cornelius *and the unbelieving* Romans, *would honour* Paul, *and therefore they went forth to meet him. And ſo if a man be coming to your houſe, if you would honour him, you go forth to meet him*: And ſo if a man intend to honour *God* (thereby intending to *prevent* his *Judgements*) you muſt take

take up your Cudgel and Gloves, and troop out and meet the *Lord*.

Now, *Sir*, as I told you juſt now, I am in haſte; but I muſt ſtay to tell you that as I always looked upon *W. B.* to be very *ſickly* and *crazy*, ſo I think you are *ſtark mad*, for being an occaſion that any *ſuch Sermons* as theſe ſhould be ſent into the *World*: And yet for all this, I am willing to extend my charity as far as you do yours; and to believe that *W. B.* is in *Heaven*; but not, as you imagine, by vertue of his *Preached* or *Printed Sermons*; and I alſo hope that you may follow him thither; but by no means, becauſe you have recommended this *Book*.

T. B.

FINIS

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